

ground. The races are attended by the fashion and elite of the place. A great deal of order is maintained; though gambling of all descriptions is allowed within the grounds.

To-day this city is in the greatest excitement. But you will have particulars in the daily papers. General Scott is the hero of the day. He is looking finely. The homage rendered him, seems to have given him new life. His walk is as erect as ever,—he weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, and measures six feet five inches in his stockings. When in full uniform as to-day, he presents a very noble appearance. His voice is particularly soft and gentle. Leaving the old gentleman to fulfil the various duties of this life, I will turn to other matters.

We undertake to ride over the city, but the streets are in such a dreadful condition that we had to forego sight-seeing in that way. There are many fine residences here, and a great deal of display and fashion. There are great efforts made to produce an American style of living, but I think there is a strong French influence pervading everything. In the retail stores, there is a fine assortment of French goods, superior to anything I have ever seen in New York or Philadelphia. We are much pleased with the general appearance of the city. We had a fine drive on the shell road, leading out to the Lake. It is as level as a floor, giving a fine opportunity for trials of speed in trotting horses, which the gentlemen take pleasure in embracing.

We have found a visit to the French market one of the most entertaining events while here—such an assortment of meats, vegetables, fruits and flowers, is really beautiful. A bunch of sweet-scented violets are lying by me as I write, whispering of spring days and warm sunshines.

Our visit here will be quite short. We leave to-morrow afternoon for home, by way of Lake Pontchartrain and Mobile. We derive great enjoyment from being able to converse in a language which can be understood without an interpreter. It is a great privilege in travelling to make your own bargains; and in case of a swindling operation, to relieve your minds by expressions which will be understood.

I may give you in my next, a brief sketch of a visit to Charleston and Savannah—All then, Adieu.

NOTES BY AN EX-EDITOR.

PICKNEY—McMAHON—JOE DAVIS, &c., &c.

During the first political campaign between Jackson and Adams, a paper was established in Baltimore, in support of the latter, entitled the "Marylander." It was edited by Edward C. Pickney, Esq., a son of the celebrated lawyer and orator, William Pickney, at one time U. S. Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg. Mr. Pickney, the editor, was a remarkably handsome man, possessed of very superior talents, but of rather an irascible disposition. He asserted in his paper that comments made upon his editorial articles would be deemed as personal and treated accordingly. Very soon thereafter, Mr. S., an editor of Philadelphia, gave offence by some remarks in his paper, upon the Marylander. Mr. Pickney forthwith proceeded to Philadelphia to challenge him, but on his arrival first called at the office of the offending editor, to exact from him a written humiliating renunciation of the offensive remarks. An altercation ensued, and finally, by the interposition of the police, the parties were each held to bail, and a duel prevented. A venerable gentleman in the neighborhood of Baltimore, Mr. Frisby, a very warm advocate and friend of Gen. Jackson, frequently, in conversation, vehemently denounced the Marylander and its editor. Mr. P. sought him out to punish him, and stepping up to him with a cane, in threatening attitude, he inquired his name, and being answered, said he meant to chastise him. Mr. Frisby took off his hat and exposed his gray hairs, exclaiming, "I'm an old man, Mr. Pickney; you're a young man, sir,—fire away, sir, fire away, and take all the credit you can get by it." Pickney gave utterance to an expression of contempt, and turned off and left him. Though he wrote no great deal, yet he left enough to show that he was capable of superior excellence as a poet. He married one of the most beautiful of Baltimore's ladies, and to her he addressed the lines commencing—

"I fill this cup, to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A being of her gentle sex,
The seeming paradox."

He was also author of a beautiful serenade addressed to the same lovely lady, (before his marriage,) and which was very popular, and, I believe, is still occasionally sung; it begins—

"Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes.
On which, then on the light above,
There hang more destinies."

During the period of his editorship, or just before, he published a small volume of poems long since out of print. He had three brothers, all talented. One (as he was himself) an officer in the Navy, another in some civil employment under government, and the youngest and only survivor of them, Frederick Pickney, Esq., the present prosecuting attorney of the city of Baltimore. The life of the distinguished father, William Pickney, has recently been written and published by his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Pickney, lately of Bladenburgh, and now of Washington city.

About this period there came to reside in Baltimore a gentleman who had been a member of the Legislature from Allegheny County, John Van Lear McMahon, Esq. He made his debut at the bar in that city, in the District Court of the United States. He was trying a case in which a witness had evidently sworn falsely. On recapitulating the evidence to the jury, McMahon asked,

"From whom, gentlemen, do you get this testimony?—from whom?" And then, shaking his finger at the witness, he exclaimed, "Why, from you, perjured villain, with a heart of marble and a face of bronze!" The witness shrank from the court-house.

On the trial in the City Criminal Court, of some young men, for the murder of Becking-

ton Scott, in Kuxton Lane, a place famous, or infamous, for his house of ill fame, Mr. Jennings, the prosecutor for the State, commented upon the character of the witnesses for the defence, whom he stigmatized as "fimps, who are all from this pantheonism." McMahon, in his reply, retorted—

"Well, gentlemen, if the State will go to hell for causes, who can it expect but fimps for witnesses?"

His clients were acquitted. He exposed the cause of Gen. Jackson for the Presidency, and often spoke in public meetings in the open air. He had the most powerful clear and sonorous voice I ever listened to, and it could be distinctly heard and understood for an incredible distance. I think him the greatest stump orator I ever heard, not even excepting Mr. Clay. He wrote the history of Maryland in two octavo volumes, but it did not achieve for him any very high literary reputation. His practice was large, especially in the Criminal Court, where his eloquence was as effective as on the stump. He has retired from the bar, but I believe still continues to reside in Baltimore.

In after years, I heard a great deal in Kentucky, and in the West generally, of Col. Joe Davis, who had a great reputation as an orator, and from what I could learn of him, and knew of McMahon, I struck me that their style of oratory was of the same school, and also that they resembled each other in person. McMahon was a tall man, raw-boned, light hair, prominent chin, and erect carriage, and always wore his shirt collar turned down and open, with a black cravat loosely tied around his neck, and invariably a frock coat. Such is also the description of Joe Davis, except that he wore a hunting shirt; and I have heard it said that McMahon used to wear one too, in his native county of Allegheny. The two are always associated in my mind together; the one, is always, to me, memorial of the other. Joe Davis was once trying a case in a log cabin court-house in Kentucky. He appeared for a girl in a case of breach of promise of marriage. A Philadelphia "drummer" for a dry goods establishment, chanced to be in the house while he was speaking. An old man in Kentucky jeans and hunting-shirt, was leaning on his rifle and paying great attention to the orator, while tears were rolling down his cheeks. The Philadelphia inquired of him, "Who is that gentleman who is speaking?" The old hunter looked up and replied, "Mister, you must be a stranger in these parts. Who but Joe Davis could ever make me shed tears by the tin-fall?" Davis was a member of the Kentucky Legislature. On one occasion he was accused by another member, of endeavoring to conceal his sentiments, on some subject then before the house. He arose and indignantly exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman accuses me of attempting to conceal my sentiments—conceal my sentiments! Sir, would to God that they might be written in stars, on the blue vault of Heaven, that all mankind might read them!" Davis was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe, in which he behaved with great gallantry. His memory is still cherished, especially by the old folks in Kentucky and Indiana, with great veneration.

[Note.—I regret to learn that offence has been taken at some of my notes—none whatever was intended. I wrote of things after a long interval of time—and of reports, which, like memory, are fallible to a proverb.—*Ex-Editor.*]

THE SICKLES TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.

The daily papers throughout the country have been crowded during the last week with the details of the tragedy which took place in Washington on Sunday, February 27th. We give below the substance of the whole matter.

Washington scandal has been busy for more than a year past with the names of Philip Barton Key, the United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, and Mrs. Sickles, the daughter of Mr. Antonio Ragoli, a music teacher of New York city, and wife of the Hon. Daniel K. Sickles, M. C., from the Third District of New York.

During the whole of the last session of Congress Mr. Key was constantly to be seen in President Square, opposite Mr. Sickles's Washington residence; and Mrs. Sickles was as constantly in his company at all places of public entertainment. In the interval of the Congressional recess, Mr. Key made a short visit to New York, still without exciting any absolute suspicion of positive impropriety in the mind of Mr. Sickles, although other friends (the unhappy lady, and among them her mother, repeatedly warned her of the fatal precipice on the brink of which she was permitting herself to trifle. It was hoped that the affair would come to an end of itself, and that one or both of the parties most nearly implicated would perceive the real drift of their conduct in time to avoid its almost inevitable consequences.

But, on the reassembling of Congress, and the return of Mrs. Sickles to Washington, Mr. Key's attentions, and the scandal consequent upon them, were revived with greater ardor than before. Mr. Key was a particularly noticeable man in point of personal appearance; tall, well formed, a much more athletic man than Mr. Sickles, and especially fond of exercise on horseback. He rode an iron-gray horse, and scarcely a day had passed since the return of Mrs. Sickles to the capital, on which his tall figure, his white riding-cap, well-trimmed moustache, and iron-gray horse might not have been seen two or three times in the course of the morning on the circuit of President Square, or at the door of Mr. Sickles's house, which stands quite alone on the north side of the square, and is a very conspicuous building of white stone.

On the Thursday preceding the tragedy Mr. Sickles received a bundle of letters addressed to himself. Among them was an anonymous communication, which he either overlooked or did not open till Friday morning. This letter charged infidelity to her marriage vow on the part of Mrs. Sickles, and stated further that Mr. Key had hired of a negro a house on Fifteenth street, between K and L streets; that Mr. Key's motive in hiring this dwelling was for the purpose of meeting Mrs. Sickles; and that Mrs. Sickles was in the habit of visiting Mr. Key at certain hours in the day.

The person and dress of Mrs. Sickles were accurately described, and the usual time of the interview specified. Accompanied by a friend, Mr. Sickles went to the house designated and found every statement of the anonymous writer corroborated. Mr. Key had taken the house; and he had constantly met there a lady disheveled very closely in description to Mrs. Sickles.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Sickles determined to confront his wife directly with his suspicions. At first Mrs. Sickles strongly denied her guilt; but on her husband's asking her whether, on the Wednesday previous, she had not entered the house on Fifteenth street,

in a certain particular dress, and concealed by a hood, she cried out, "I am betrayed and lost!" and screamed away. On recovering her senses, she admitted her guilt, and brought mercy and pardon to the house where she was, and presented it at Key, who retreated backward up Sixteenth street, toward the Club, and threw something at Sickles. Sickles followed, and when within ten feet, fired. I saw that Key was wounded. He staggered toward the sidewalk, saying,—"Don't shoot me!" He leaned against a tree, and when Sickles advanced upon him, exploded a cap, and then fired the third time.

As Key was falling, Sickles frequently exclaimed, "You villain, you have dishonored my house, and you must die!" He uttered these words again while standing over Key with his revolver in his hand.

After so past the contest, I believed them both to be armed. When I left Mr. Sickles's house I had no thought of meeting or seeing Mr. Key, my object being to visit Mr. Stuart. I had no arms with me. I did not know that Mr. Sickles intended to take arms with him. He left the house after me, and without any suggestion from me, crossed toward the Club on the north side of the square. When Mr. Key saw me, he did not know that Mr. Sickles was approaching, nor did I see him until I turned to leave Mr. Key. I did not see Mr. Sickles shoot Key after his fall, nor place his pistol in contact with his head or clothing.

After the third fire, I advanced and took Mr. Sickles's arms, and with him up Sixteenth street, and advised him to go to his house, or to the Attorney-General's. He did so. I returned to the scene and picked up an opera glass from the middle of the street, and gave it to Mr. Sickles.

This is the whole of my connection with the unfortunate tragedy. I do not treat the other sought or detained Mr. Key. He first addressed me, and our interview did not last one minute. I have known the late Mr. Key in New York and in Washington during the last ten years, and our relations have ever been of the most friendly character. I did not see a collision on the Fifteenth street, though I did not doubt but that it would take place on an early day.

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I immediately went to the house of Mr. Sickles. On my arrival I found Mr. Sickles in his bedroom, lying on his face on his pillow, overwhelmed with grief. Some time elapsed before I could obtain from him an account of the cause of his affliction. He kept exclaiming, "I am a dishonored and ruined man, and cannot look you in the face!" Finally he declined to make the following circumstances:

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Being possessed of these facts, he stated them to his wife on Saturday night. She said at once that she perceived she was discovered, and thereupon made a full confession of her guilt in writing.

By this confession it appeared that this criminal intercourse had been going on since April, 1858—sometimes in the absence of Mr. S., at the house of her husband—and that at the commencement of the present session of Congress, Mr. Key had hired an untenanted house, on Fifteenth street, where they were in the habit of meeting frequently.

After he had apprised me of the foregoing facts, he consulted me as to the course he should pursue. I advised him to send his wife to her mother at Key's Court, as it did not seem likely that she would be discovered, and thereupon made a full confession of her guilt in writing.

To this Mr. Sickles replied, "My friend, I would gladly pursue this course, but so abandoned, so reckless, have Key and my wife been, that all the negroes in that neighborhood, and I dare not say how many other persons, know all about the circumstances!"

I then left Mr. S. in his bedroom, and on going down stairs I met in the library Mr. Geo. B. Woodbridge, a Clerk of the House of Representatives. I said to him, "This is a terrible affair!"

He then handed me the written statement made by Mr. Sickles of her guilt, which was written and signed, as I was then informed, by Mr. S. in the presence of two females, and witnessed by them. I read the statement, laid it down on the table, and said, "I will go down town for a while, and return here again," and requested Mr. Woodbridge to say so to Mr. S. if he should inquire for me.

I immediately left the house and walked to the Club on Sixteenth street, drank a glass of ale with a friend, and slowly returned to the house of Mr. Sickles.

On entering the library again, Mr. Woodbridge informed me that Key had twice passed the house during the morning, and had a short time since waved his handkerchief three times as a signal.

While in conversation with Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Sickles came into the library, and said that he had "seen the scoundrel making signals," and he added, "My God! this is horrible!"

I said, "Mr. Sickles, you must be calm, and look this matter square in the face. If there be a possibility of keeping the certain knowledge of this crime from the public, you do nothing to destroy that possibility. You may be mistaken in your belief that it is known to the whole city."

He instantly replied, "No, no, my friend—I am not! It is already the town talk."

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When I left Mr. S. in the hall, I am satisfied that he had no weapons on his person. He was without his overcoat. He said nothing to me about weapons, or the probability of encountering Key.

I walked slowly down the avenue on the south side to the corner, and as I was crossing the street I saw Key advance a few steps, and then stand still. He said to me, "Good morning, Butterworth—what a fine day we have!" I responded, and said, "I have you come from the Club?" He said, "I have." I asked, "Is Stuart in his room?" He answered, "Yes, and he is quite unwell." I then said, "I am going up to see him; good morning!" He said to me, "Wait a moment, I saw Mr. Sickles for the first time after leaving his house, coming rapidly down Sixteenth street, on the side next the Square, and then near the corner."

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I then left Mr. S. in his bedroom, and on going down stairs I met in the library Mr. Geo. B. Woodbridge, a Clerk of the House of Representatives. I said to him, "This is a terrible affair!"

He then handed me the written statement made by Mr. Sickles of her guilt, which was written and signed, as I was then informed, by Mr. S. in the presence of two females, and witnessed by them. I read the statement, laid it down on the table, and said, "I will go down town for a while, and return here again," and requested Mr. Woodbridge to say so to Mr. S. if he should inquire for me.

After so past the contest, I believed them both to be armed. When I left Mr. Sickles's house I had no thought of meeting or seeing Mr. Key, my object being to visit Mr. Stuart. I had no arms with me. I did not know that Mr. Sickles intended to take arms with him. He left the house after me, and without any suggestion from me, crossed toward the Club on the north side of the square. When Mr. Key saw me, he did not know that Mr. Sickles was approaching, nor did I see him until I turned to leave Mr. Key. I did not see Mr. Sickles shoot Key after his fall, nor place his pistol in contact with his head or clothing.

After the third fire, I advanced and took Mr. Sickles's arms, and with him up Sixteenth street, and advised him to go to his house, or to the Attorney-General's. He did so. I returned to the scene and picked up an opera glass from the middle of the street, and gave it to Mr. Sickles.

This is the whole of my connection with the unfortunate tragedy. I do not treat the other sought or detained Mr. Key. He first addressed me, and our interview did not last one minute. I have known the late Mr. Key in New York and in Washington during the last ten years, and our relations have ever been of the most friendly character. I did not see a collision on the Fifteenth street, though I did not doubt but that it would take place on an early day.

MR. BUTTERWORTH'S STATEMENT.

In consequence of erroneous and false statements which have appeared in the public press in relation to the death of Mr. P. Barton Key, I feel it necessary that I should state the facts, so far as I am connected with the occurrence.

On Sunday morning, about 12 o'clock, Mr. I received, at the house of a friend with whom I was staying, a note from the Hon. Mr. Sickles, saying:—"Dear Sir: Come to my right away!"

which I showed to the Hon. Robert J. Walker and Senator Gwin, with whom I was then conversing. I asked the Senator whether he was there, and said to my friends, "What can Mr. Sickles desire?"

I immediately went to the house of Mr. Sickles. On my arrival I found Mr. Sickles in his bedroom, lying on his face on his pillow, overwhelmed with grief. Some time elapsed before I could obtain from him an account of the cause of his affliction. He kept exclaiming, "I am a dishonored and ruined man, and cannot look you in the face!" Finally he declined to make the following circumstances:

LIVING IN A CASTLE.

It came into our possession quite unexpectedly, as a legacy left by an old friend of my husband. It was described in the will as a manor house or manor, although it was actually the remains of an old Norman castle. Lawyers are precise in their language, but certainly not descriptive; and there was no getting any correct idea of the place without a personal visit. The small woodcut and the two inches of history which we found respecting it in a book upon the Antiquities of Sussex were sufficient to excite our curiosity; but not sufficient to satisfy it. With as little delay as possible, my husband went down, and his letters were enthusiastic, not to say rapturous. He had always a strong passion for the middle ages (which, I must say, I never thoroughly shared), and I was not surprised when he suddenly returned, and gave an order for our immediate removal. It was rather late in a very fine autumn, and although we had only just come back from a lengthened stay at the manor, we closed our London establishment more or less, as my husband was bent upon passing the Christmas at his new property. There was something so novel and exciting in transplanting ourselves direct from a rather dull modern square, with not even a black statue of a statesman to give it an historical flavor, to a veritable castle in one of the oldest counties of England, full of legends and traditions, and venerable with age, that I was rather pleased than otherwise with the prospect of the change.

Our arrival produced no very great excitement in the surrounding neighborhood, for the position of Rubble Castle (that was the title it went by) was somewhat lonely. There were several bleak hills, a scrap of moor-like common, and a bit of ragged forest near the place, and the village was four miles distant. How such a baronial dwelling came into the hands of the late owner (Mr. Vandal) we never precisely knew, though we guessed it was an unrequited mortgage.

Our removal was attended with considerable inconveniences. Our servants were annoyed at leaving London, and more annoyed at being conveyed to what I heard them call a down-right "penitentiary." The coachman and footman became friendly for the first time since they had been in our service: the old female cook, presuming on her length of servitude, was rebellious; the two house-maids were sulky and obstinate; my own maid was unusually prim and severe; and the only one who seemed to enjoy the change was little Waddles, our page.

Every room of our decaying castle was a passage, and every passage was a vault. It looked an imposing place from the outside, with its towers, its drawbridge, its portcullis, its battlements, its moat (which made the lower apartments very damp), its arched doorways, battlements, and little post-holes of windows; but inside there was not a room—no, even a vulgar expression—that you could swing a cat in, if we except the two principal halls, which were like railway tunnels. But the most singular part about it was an old warder, who looked aged enough to have been present when the first stone of the castle was laid. He was very feeble, of course, with rheumatism, and was just one of those old servants—very unlike my servants—whose pride it is to die at their posts. And a nice post it was. A hole in the thick stone wall, like a cell. Call it a porter's lodge, or give it any fine name you will, but you cannot alter the place. It was an unspeakable cell, worse than many I saw at the model prison, where burglars and such people were humanely confined for their crimes. The old warder's duty was to attend to the portcullis and drawbridge (the only entrance across the moat), and he would allow no one to interfere with him. He had worked that portcullis and that drawbridge before the present generation was born, before the family possessors of Rubble Castle went gradually to the bad, and sold or mortgaged their ancient property, and he was not in the humor to be assisted by our coachman or footman, even if either of those lazy and dissatisfied menials had offered their inexperienced services. The portcullis and drawbridge were old—absurdly old—the machinery was antiquated, rusty, and generally out of order, and the process, in the old warder's hands, of letting any person in or out, was a noisy, creaking performance that lasted nearly half-an-hour.

There was little time left for moping about or even thoroughly examining the place, for some of the visitors—when my husband had invited, with his usual impetuosity, to give the place a warming—were expected early in the course of the next day. We did what we could with hasty hangings and scanty furniture, made some contrivances before upholstery was raised into the dignity of an art; and, by the aid of enormous fires roaring up forge-like chimneys, we produced the appearance of comfort, if not the reality. The servants were not at all reconciled to the place upon their acquaintance, and they considered the whole removal as something little better than joining a gang of gipsies. If their situations had not been good, and their master and mistress had not been indulgent, I believe the whole body would have tendered their resignation without a moment's hesitation.

The first visitors who arrived were Mrs. and Miss Gushington, an enthusiastic widow with her more enthusiastic daughter. They were in raptures with the castle, as I fully expected, and I was very glad of it, as it was a good example to set the servants.

"What a dear, delightful duck of a place!" almost shouted Mrs. Gushington before the first salutations were over.

"And so old, mamma!" interposed the daughter.

"Yes, my dear," returned the mother, "so very old! Where did your respected husband pick up such a dear, quaint, feudal relic, Mrs. Gushington?"

"It was left us as a legacy," I replied.

"Oh, how charming!" returned Mrs. Gushington, with enthusiasm; "how very charming—so unexpected!"

"Don't you like the middle age?" asked Miss Gushington, in a tone very similar to her mother.

"Not much," I answered.

"Oh, I do," returned the young lady, in a most capricious manner. "I think they were so nice!"

"Do you know, Mrs. Gushington," said Mrs. Gushington, "what I should call this place if it were mine?"

"Something very pretty, I'm sure, dear," I returned, with politeness.

"The Most Gracious, after Tenney's poem, you know."

"Very happy, indeed, mamma," replied the daughter.

Unfortunately many of our guests were not disposed to exchange the comforts of modern civilization for the barbarity of the middle ages, without an unalloyed struggle. Such were old Mr. Crowcomb and his wife. They had got the best apartment in the castle—stony, of course,—that could not be helped; but a room fit for a king and queen—in the middle ages.

They did not complain direct to me or Mr. Gushington; but Mrs. Crowcomb's maid made frequent application for impossible things in the kitchen. Our servants in their present temper took care to convey this to me, as a hint of their own deplorable condition.

A communication was opened with the neighboring village (four miles distant) for the purpose of virtualizing the garrison. Considering the extent and the unusual character of the demand, we were tolerably well served; and it was amusing to see the old warder going through all the forms of challenging the butcher's boy in his cart, on the other side of the moat, as if he had been an invading army.—When he came for orders, to save the trouble of letting down the old, creaky drawbridge they were shouted through a speaking trumpet thrust through a slit of a window.

The first serious difficulty that I experienced in the virtualizing department was with the cook, who could find nothing in the shape of kitchen utensils with which she felt disposed to risk her professional reputation before company.

"It's all very well, miss," she said, "for born savages, which was content to eat their meat raw from the points of daggers, but it won't suit my looks."

I presume that she alluded to the manners and customs of the middle-age barons at their repasts; though I did not inquire further. To get over the difficulty, without more discussion, I took her to the armory, and made a selection of helmets, breast-plates, and a variety of old metallic things that I knew nothing about, sufficient to set up a cook in business at a public club-house. I knew I was committing sacrilege; but what could I do?

The moat was one of the most obtrusive nuisances that we had to deal with. It was, in parts, half-filled of a green, slimy mud, and we had not been in the castle many hours before we became painfully aware of its existence.

There was no concealing the fact, nor doubting the cause, and the old warder, being the only living link that bound us to the past, was summoned to render an explanation, and suggest a remedy.

"Well, sir," he said, "I remember the old moat was like that for more nor fifty year."

"Yet, yes," said Mr. Gushington, interrupting him, "we want to know the cause."

"Ah!" said the venerable adjunct of the place, with a chuckle, "that's more nor you nor I can tell. It cum like that about a week after old Sir Cleaves died, an' they do say—"

There was sufficient for my husband, who had a special dislike of the old warder's legends, and he dismissed the aged servant without further questioning. The next day we went to the town for a surveyor—a person not easily found in those parts—and his report (which cost us fifty pounds,) could only tell us that, in former times, the moat was supplied with water from a spring; that this spring had dried up from natural causes; that there were no means at hand for abating the nuisance except by boring for water to flush the moat, or by clearing out the mud altogether. We adopted neither of these expensive suggestions, but temperarily kept off the enemy by a liberal application of chloride of lime.

We had great trouble with our only child, Alexander, aged nine years, who was home for his holidays. He made a companion of little Waddles, our fat page, and together they scaled such giddy heights upon the tower-battlements, that it made everybody's heart sick to see them. When this amusement was denied to them, and the ways of access were closed and guarded to the upper parts of the castle, they let themselves out of an arrow-hole, or window, by a rope into a dry part of the moat, and were lost to the inhabitants of the castle for many hours. When they, at last, applied for re-admission across the drawbridge, they were one mass of dirt, light-colored dirt from head to foot, and they had great difficulty in making themselves known to the old warder. Their story was that a treacherous part of the moat had given way, and plunged them up to their necks in the ancient mud. They had run about the common and the forest until they felt dry and comfortable, and thought they looked decent, when they had presented themselves, a little before dusk, under the notion that they might enter unobserved. Alexander had spelt a new suit of clothes, and little Waddles had utterly destroyed his library.

Rarely had we recovered from this fright when we heard piercing shrieks issuing from the north turret, where Mrs. and Miss Gushington had taken up their quarters. If it had not been for the courage of Mr. Gushington, I believe that no one would have ventured to investigate the cause of these sounds of terror; for Mr. Crowcomb distinctly stated that he was neither a hero, nor a crusader, and the servants were already beginning to believe in strange stories of white and red ladies who walked by night with great wounds in their breasts up and down the corridors. Mr. Gushington, with most peacefully promptitude, seized a thick stick, and went direct to the room where Mariana (Miss Gushington) was preparing herself for dinner. He found that young lady with dishevelled hair, crouching in a corner of the room, and staring wildly at two large bats, who were staring at her from two opposite corners. Mr. Gushington led the romantic young lady out of the room; and, after a short struggle, he put the two animals to

flight. It turned out afterwards, that Mariana had opened the turret window to gaze at the rising autumnal moon, when the two brutes flew suddenly in, and nearly knocked her down in their entry.

Two other visitors arrived before we set down to dinner—the Misses Tuthary, maiden sisters, living on their property; and, at last, after many difficulties in the series of visits which did duty for the kitchen, the great meal of the day was served at exactly half-past eight P. M., railway time. The repast was plain, but ample—baronial, in fact, and satisfactory enough, in its way; but the footman and coachman thought proper to wait at table wrapped up as if prepared for a long journey outside a coach. The dress first caught my eye, but said nothing; and then it caught my husband's eye, who said a great deal.

"John Thomas and James Williams," Mr. Gushington shouted across the table, "what is the meaning of this?"

There was a little hesitation. Then the footman, although the junior, put himself forward to speak.

"I know what it is, sir, to which you allude, but I must be a thing that will come to small, sir, sooner or later, an' it's wrong, it is, to fly in the face of Providence."

This speech produced a sympathetic grunt from Mr. Crowcomb; but it only enraged Mr. Gushington still further.

"Take of that comforter, John Thomas," he said, "directly; and that ridiculous overcoat; and you, James Williams, either make yourself a Christian waiter, or leave the work to John Thomas. You're not driving the Carlisle High-flyer against a north wind!"

"Werry well, sir," replied the coachman, "if you wish it; but givin' hout o' this warm room—which warm it is, compared with those passages—"

An impatient gesture from Mr. Gushington stopped any further conversation, and the dinner was finished in silence.

During the afternoon the wind had shifted round to the north, and our position was no protection against the keenness of the blast.—Our screen from the south, composed of the bleak hills before mentioned, was perfect; but from the east and the north we had scarcely the shelter of a blade of grass. Leaving the banquet hall, as it is called, to go across the dark passage to that other tunnel fitted up as a drawing-room, we all felt that the two men-servants were not so very much to blame.

We retired to rest early that night, only to awake to fresh troubles the next morning.—Everybody had, of course, heard strange and unearthly noises during the night, (the howling of the wind along the tunnels and passages,) and almost every one was full of complaints when we met at breakfast. The two Misses Tuthary had been horrified by discovering a large owl standing calmly before their toilet-glass on their dressing-table. Unlike Miss Gushington with the bat, they were strong-minded enough to drive it away with an open umbrella. Both Mrs. Gushington and her daughter were a little pinched up with cold, and a trifling—just a trifling—lethargic.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowcomb were, of course, sulky, especially Mr. Crowcomb, who had shouted for one hour in vain for shaving-water in his lofty chamber in the battlements, there being no bells or communications between any two parts of the building. We had to apologise for many small shortcomings at the breakfast-table.—Our letters, which came to us very late, contained apologies for being unable to accept our kind invitation from many gentlemen whom we had calculated upon as loanx for the ladies. This is always the case in all parties, whether in town or country; and one note from Mr. Hal Freese was particularly vexing to poor Mariana (Miss Gushington), who I know had come for the express purpose of meeting him at the castle.

The county paper contained the following paragraph, which Mr. Gushington read to us: REMARKS.—We are glad to learn that this interesting, ancient, historical, and local Norman relic, has passed into the hands of Edolpho Gushington, Esquire, a gentleman of enlarged views and ample property, in whom we hope to see those baronial glories revived which have so long lain dormant under the icy manners of the late ungenial proprietor.

I think my husband felt a little pride at this paragraph; and, if so, it was soon checked by the receipt of a very large claim for poor-rates, which came among the letters.

"A most unjust assessment," he exclaimed, "and I shall certainly appeal against it. One hundred and twenty pounds for poor-rates! Why, what on earth do they reckon the rent of this?" he checked himself as he was about to say something disrespectful of the place, and added, calmly, "this castle!"

"Ah!" replied old Mr. Crowcomb, taking up the conversation, "I thought as much; I thought as much. If you will be a baron, Gushington, you'll find you must pay for it!"

We passed the short day in viewing what little was to be seen in the surrounding country: made a pilgrimage to the nearest town—a very poor place in appearance—and returned to the Castle early in the afternoon. When we arrived in front of the drawbridge, we noticed two persons in long beards and German hats sketching from different points, and we thought we saw a photographic apparatus moving off in the distance. A stout, elderly gentleman, in a white necktie, with several other gentlemen of equal age, but of very unequal size, were standing near the place. When Mr. Gushington made the necessary signal to the warder, the stout gentleman, who appeared to be the elected spokesman of the party, advanced, and said:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing the new proprietor of this noble relic?"

"I am the present proprietor," returned my husband.

"We are the acting committee of the West Sussex, or Division of the British Archaeological Association," continued the stout gentleman, who paused for a reply.

"Indeed!" returned my husband, vacantly.

"It is a proud, but an onerous position which you occupy," continued the stout gentleman, inquiringly.

"I don't exactly understand you, sir," replied Mr. Gushington, while we all listened with interest.

"When I say proud," returned the stout gentleman, "I mean in owning the relic which once sheltered the great Rufus (called Rufus the pig-nosed) after the siege of Madsport; when I say onerous, I mean in reference to what you may do with that relic."

A murmur of approbation ran through the committee, or deputation, at this speech; and tall gentlemen scooped to whisper to short gentlemen, while short gentlemen stretched themselves to whisper to tall gentlemen.

"I suppose," replied my husband, "that I have the usual liberty to deal as I like with my own property?"

"No, sir; pardon me," returned the stout gentleman, very excitedly, "not exactly so in this case. If I may be allowed the expression, your country has an historical lien upon these hallowed walls, and we wait upon you, as guardians of local archaeological monuments, to satisfy ourselves that the place will receive no injury in your hands."

"Then, sir," replied my husband very coolly, "with every respect for my country, and the association you so ably represent, I must decline to satisfy you upon that point."

"You are not the possessor of a vulgar house," returned the stout gentleman, with much energy; "you are the recipient of a sacred trust. Remove but one brick of that trust,—desecrate but one stone,—and the voice of civilised Europe will be raised in one universal yell of indignation against you!"

The drawbridge, governed by the feeble and ancient warder, had by this time descended slowly to its place, and we prepared to cross it.

"Good day," said my husband, turning politely to the stout gentleman, and the deputation, who seemed to be astonished at the unsatisfactory result of their spokesman's tact and eloquence.

"Good day, sir," replied the stout gentleman, raising his hat with dignity. "Remember your trust; the eyes of your country—the Archaeological Association—are upon you."

We were disappointed upon our return at not finding an expected visitor, Mr. Gushington, senior, the father of my husband. He had written to say he would arrive at the railway-station by a certain train, and we had sent the coachman over with a carriage to meet him. The train arrived, but no Mr. Gushington, and the servant had come back as he went.

Dinner passed over much the same as the day before, except that one of the maids had to wait in the place of John Thomas, the footman, who had gone to bed with a violent cold and headache. The soup was greasy, and the meat was half raw, for the cook had become more rebellious, having been without any authoritative supervision during the day. The night was even a little colder than the last, and we retired to our stony chambers, if anything a little earlier.

In the morning, the first thing that met my eye, as I looked somewhat early out of our window, which commanded a view of the bare country in front of the castle, was a shabby four-wheeled fly, standing immediately opposite the portcullis entrance on the outer side of the moat. Near the fly was a bony horse, endeavoring to graze, and a shabby groom trying to warm himself by dancing, and flinging his hands under his arm-pits. Presently an old gentleman put his head out of the window of the fly, and I at once recognised Mr. Gushington, senior. I called my husband, and, by the time he reached the window, his father, who was very stout and with some difficulty reached the ground, and began to make signs towards the castle. Something struck us both, seeing the horse disengaged from the vehicle, that Mr. Gushington, senior, had passed the night in front of the moat, being unable to make the old warder hear. We at once hastened down to the cell or lodge, and aroused the venerable servant, who was still sleeping soundly, drowsing, perhaps, of the glories of the past. Mr. Gushington, who is rather impatient, having assured his father through the speaking-trumpet that his presence was observed, very foolishly ventured to try his hand at the portcullis. Neither he nor the old warder was able to move it. They both struggled hard; but the more they struggled, the firmer the old barrier kept its place. It soon became evident that some hours might elapse before the passage would be again opened; and in the meantime Mr. Gushington, senior, who was, no doubt, tired out with waiting all night, would lose all patience at any further delay. My husband conveyed the melancholy intelligence to his exhausted parent through the speaking-trumpet, and received, in reply, some faint words, the meaning of which was eked out by unmistakable gestures of indignation. In this position the idea struck my husband, that Mr. Gushington, senior, might be banished through the window by which Alexander and little Waddles got into the dry part of the moat.

The proposal having been made to the old gentleman, he seemed reluctantly to give his consent, and walked to the point indicated by his son. He got down the outer bank of the moat, and crossed it with some difficulty, and then came the all-important and heavy task of hauling him up to the window.

By this time most of our visitors had joined us; and the general opinion seemed to be that he was a very large and heavy man, and that when elevated to a level with the small slit of a window-hole, he would never be able to squeeze himself through. After some minutes of suspense, the purple face of Mr. Gushington, senior, was seen through the aperture; and it was evident to all that he could be hauled no further in that direction.

"Udolpho," said Mr. Gushington, senior, with as much indignation as he could command in his peculiar position, "what is this?"

"I assure you," replied my husband, with sorrow and humiliation—

"Keep out all night," interrupted Mr. Gushington, senior; "and now drawn up by a common rope to a rat-hole! Try a crane, sir, for your father. Try a crane!"

A sudden twinge of the face-ache, which John Thomas felt at this moment, caused him to let go his hold upon the rope; and the loss of support sent Mr. Gushington, senior, gliding rapidly down the castle wall once more into the moat.

We rushed to the battlements, and saw him

floating the shabby groom to put the horse in the fly as quickly as possible; and, when the vehicle was ready he got into it. Without giving one look towards the castle and his penitent relatives, he drove away in the direction of the neighboring town.

It was several hours after this event before the portcullis was again raised, my husband standing by in a fretful temper all the while. The first use he made of his freedom was to take a horse, and gallop after his father. It was quite dusk when he returned; but the old gentleman was not with him, having started for London by another road. He had missed the station when he came down by going to sleep in the carriage, and had had to retrace his last ground by an up-train. This brought him to the required point at a late hour of the night, and he had hired a fly to bring him over to the castle. When he arrived in front of the moat, everything was perfectly still; and, as both he and the driver could find nothing but very small stones to throw at the portcullis, they failed to arouse the old warder, and had to encamp for the night. He positively refused to be reconciled to his son until he took steps to dispose of his barbarous legacy.

"Which," said my husband, "I have determined to do; for, though an Englishman's house may be his castle, an Englishman's castle will not do for his house."

Every merchant or private family that had been robbed caused all their employees to be subjected to immediate and rigorous search; but never with any satisfactory result; and from week to week the robberies became more and more frequent and alarming. Signor Chervico himself had been victimised (at least, so he gave out,) to the extent of a thousand pounds; and a poor Greek widow, who, with her daughter, occupied apartments in one of the central khans (or caravansaries) in the grand square of Alexandria, had what few jewels and plate her husband had left her abstracted during the brief interval she had left the house and gone across the square a shopping with her daughter. On this occasion, however, the thief had not been so dexterous as before, and, to his great delight, the chowash bashaw, who was on the spot soon after the alarm was given, picked up an amulet, a simple Greek chain, in a tin case, which led to the apprehension of the burglar, who, by the chowash bashaw's direction, was followed and apprehended just as he was entering Signor Chervico's gardens.

There was nothing in this to cast a slur upon Chervico—so said the *dile* of Alexandria. Such was the opinion of the Pasha himself; nevertheless that bold man, the chowash bashaw, insisted upon Chervico's house being guarded, whilst Chervico stormed and raved at the insult. He was advised, however, by his consul, to submit to the outrage, and then, when things were cleared up, get this sneaky Arab summarily bastinadoed and imprisoned.

The detected burglar (who was one of the refugees in the employment of the widow's next door neighbor,) was carried off to the police station and there examined. The police of the stolen plate and jewelry were found upon him; and, more than this, a bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglar's tools. The man could not for a moment deny the theft, but he stoutly denied that anybody else was acquainted with, or interested in, the robbery.

In Turkey and Egypt they resort to other modes than those practised in England, and the wretched malefactor in this case was subjected to such fearful torture that he finally, and when almost at the last gasp, acknowledged to all the facts, and revealed who were the parties connected with him, and where a clue might be obtained.

With a grim smile of satisfaction on his swarthy face, the chowash bashaw mounted his horse, and followed by a troop of police, armed to the teeth, he rode into Chervico's compound, and very unceremoniously entered his chief sitting-room. Of course, a violent struggle ensued, but Chervico and his servants were soon disarmed and plied. Meanwhile the various consuls had been summoned to assemble there without delay, and they came in all haste and in all the dignity of diplomatic coats and cocked hats, mentally conceiving fulminating despatches and protestations, to be hurled at the head of the unhappy chowash bashaw, who had grossly insulted the whole community.

Now, in Chervico's chief sitting-room, in addition to much other costly and valuable furniture, there was a splendid crimson velvet divan, which went around three sides of the room. Ruthlessly displacing these, and pitching them into the centre of the room, in the presence of the assembled dignitaries, the police came upon a rough, unpolished structure, like a common deal box, which had supported the seats, cushions, and covering of the divan. This was demolished with an axe; and when, after a sturdy resistance, the upper planking gave way, there came to light such an assortment of goods as caused an exclamation of surprise from every one present.

"Why, that's my watch," quoth Chervico's own consul, selecting from some score or two of others the article in question. "And these, my wife's earrings," said another; whilst a third shouted at the recovery of some favorite old gift ring. There was, in truth, jewelry and plate enough to constitute Chervico a jeweler, but there he stood, a convicted, systematic thief.

On due investigation it came out that this man had come to Egypt for the specific purpose of organising a regular band of burglars, and he found ample material ready to his hands at Alexandria. The position he took up, and appeared to hold, had screened him to the very last from any suspicion; and his own house having been the receptacle of stolen goods, threw the police completely out of their count. Periodically, at a certain season of the year, a man of gentlemanly exterior, calling himself Chervico's partner, would land at Alexandria, and spend a fortnight or so, and then return again to his own country. He brought with him always two stout chests, supposed to contain wearing apparel, &c., but in reality filled with rubbish; they were receptacles for the best part of the year's spoils, and conveyed them to European markets, to be broken up and disposed of there, Chervico setting to work afresh to fill up the vacuum by fresh burglaries.

He was convicted, and sent to his country to be tried, having behind an unenviable notoriety of having been the most consummate but gentlemanly scoundrel on earth or Egypt.

Peter Chastel was one of the most learned divines of the sixteenth century. He was bishop of Orleans, and great almoner of France. Francis I. asked him, "Whether he was born a gentleman?" Chastel answered, "That he was not perfectly certain from which of Noah's three sons he was descended."

On my arrival at Alexandria, in the spring of 1855, I found the whole town up in arms, and clamorous about the exploits and deeds of a notorious freebooter, a native of some part of Austria, but who had been settled in Egypt for some years past, during which interval, until his recent apprehension, he had enjoyed the reputation of being an honest, benevolent man, a leader of Alexandrian fashion, and a patron of field sports and all kinds of public amusements.

Signor Chervico—for so was this personage styled—had made his appearance at Alexandria, from the decks of one of the monthly steamers, and had come supplied with a properly viced passport, which purported to represent him as an opulent jeweller of some city in Austria, travelling for pleasure and the benefit of his health. He was furthermore supplied with a plentiful sum of ready cash, besides letters of credit to some considerable amount, and this at once proved a passport to the hearts of Alexandrian tradespeople and the halls of Alexandrian aristocrats. He landed and took possession of his suite of apartments at the most fashionable hotel. He called upon his consul, and was charmed at his reception. He visited at the bank and displayed his authority to draw. The bankers were delighted and honored by his acquaintance. The knowledge of his wealth and importance spread with telegraphic speed from house to house, and the fame of the stranger was established.

Merchants on change, deeply engrossed with mercantile speculations, paused on the very brink of positive bargains, to inquire who that elegant looking stranger was that had just ridden by on a magnificent palfrey. At coffee houses, in private homes, among rich and poor, old and young, Greek and Jew, Arab and Turk, surmises were rife as to the object and intentions of Signor Chervico's visit. Matrimonial speculations were rife (for it was ascertained that the stranger was a bachelor), and match making manna rivalled each other in their attentions.

Chervico really was of handsome face and person, of courtly manners and address. He dressed simply, but elegantly, and his Wellingtons were the envy of all the Alexandrian dandies. The old Pasha at his durbar would stroke his beard and pronounce Chervico's steed the best in Egypt after his own. In short, from highest to lowest, this wonderful stranger was the theme of much conversation, comment, jealousy, quarrel, or admiration.—He was a rich man, and that, perhaps, was the keystone of his greatness.

Months rolled by and things settled down into their old monotony again. Chervico had purchased himself a splendid villa on one of the most picturesque spots about the banks of the Nile near the aristocratic quarter, and he was daily recognised and admitted as a member of Alexandrian *haut ton*. He was a second D'Orsay with tailors and boot-makers, but what established his reputation more than anything else was his great liberality and benevolence. Was any one in distress, any poor widow laboring under pecuniary difficulties, any helpless sick stranger, any orphan, any destitute exile unable to get employment? only let Chervico hear of the case and his purse-strings were loosed immediately. Not only by gifts of money, by supplying needful garments or nourishing food, but in friendly, affectionate, sympathising visits, did Chervico reap golden opinions, and he was in the acme of his fame when we leave him for a time to see what is going on elsewhere.

It is well known that Alexandria and Smyrna are the two great resorts of all the vagabonds and vagrants who have been expelled or have fled their native country for crimes whose catalogues would be fearful to recount; amongst these refugees, of course, there are many who for solely political motives have been compelled to seek a refuge in any country that will harbor them. It was a very curious thing, but then people attributed it to pity, that Chervico bestowed great charity and much pains upon this class. His whole retinue of domestics, to the exclusion of all natives, was composed of this class. By exerting his influence with one merchant or another, with tradesmen or wealthy native residents, even with the Viceroy himself, he had contrived to find employment for some scores of what he termed these *misérables*, and what was very singular their conduct and bearing were irreproachable; in every case almost they managed to ingratiate themselves with their employers, so that at the end of a year or eighteen months unlimited confidence was placed in these refugees, and one or two harsh people felt secret regret that they had entertained different opinions of these exiles.

Two more years passed, and in that interval a change came over the aspect of affairs in Alexandria. The chowash bashaw, or head of the Pasha's police, was fit to go crazy from the

frequent, nay daily recurrence of the most outrageous and daring robberies. He had his private suspicions, but they were hooded at both by the Pasha himself and by all the residents. It was a very remarkable thing, he observed, that at several low taverns in the Greek quarter these refugees daily assembled, gambling for and spending more money than their salaries amounted to in a dozen years. He was positive of this, but he had no convincing proof, and then what upset his opinion was the singular circumstance that all the robberies committed had consisted in plate or jewelry. On not one occasion had money been abstracted.

In a small place like Alexandria, it was next to impossible to dispose of things so costly, or to do so without detection. As to exporting them, the chowash bashaw never dreamt of such a thing being feasible.

Every merchant or private family that had been robbed caused all their employees to be subjected to immediate and rigorous search; but never with any satisfactory result; and from week to week the robberies became more and more frequent and alarming. Signor Chervico himself had been victimised (at least, so he gave out,) to the extent of a thousand pounds; and a poor Greek widow, who, with her daughter, occupied apartments in one of the central khans (or caravansaries) in the grand square of Alexandria, had what few jewels and plate her husband had left her abstracted during the brief interval she had left the house and gone across the square a shopping with her daughter. On this occasion, however, the thief had not been so dexterous as before, and, to his great delight, the chowash bashaw, who was on the spot soon after the alarm was given, picked up an amulet, a simple Greek chain, in a tin case, which led to the apprehension of the burglar, who, by the chowash bashaw's direction, was followed and apprehended just as he was entering Signor Chervico's gardens.

There was nothing in this to cast a slur upon Chervico—so said the *dile* of Alexandria. Such was the opinion of the Pasha himself; nevertheless that bold man, the chowash bashaw, insisted upon Chervico's house being guarded, whilst Chervico stormed and raved at the insult. He was advised, however, by his consul, to submit to the outrage, and then, when things were cleared up, get this sneaky Arab summarily bastinadoed and imprisoned.

The detected burglar (who was one of the refugees in the employment of the widow's next door neighbor,) was carried off to the police station and there examined. The police of the stolen plate and jewelry were found upon him; and, more than this, a bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglar's tools. The man could not for a moment deny the theft, but he stoutly denied that anybody else was acquainted with, or interested in, the robbery.

In Turkey and Egypt they resort to other modes than those practised in England, and the wretched malefactor in this case was subjected to such fearful torture that he finally, and when almost at the last gasp, acknowledged to all the facts, and revealed who were the parties connected with him, and where a clue might be obtained.

With a grim smile of satisfaction on his swarthy face, the chowash bashaw mounted his horse, and followed by a troop of police, armed to the teeth, he rode into Chervico's compound, and very un

THE OTHER SIDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It has been most unobtrusively dined in our ears by fathers and husbands, for several years. That all of the trying commercial distresses are due to our love of extravagant dress.—Our sweet little bonnets, and during French col-

And India shawls that cost hundreds of dollars. The editors, too, who are thought to be knowing. Have filled many columns with lucidly showing that there is not a girl who is fit for a wife. Or who does not make dressing the chief end of life.

Who opens a book that is not a romance. Or knows that plum-puddings don't come here by chance.

I have thought of it all till my spirit grew warm. And resolved that one trifler, at least, should reform.

So I said to Kate Somers, my intimate friend. "The very next party that you shall attend, I mean to go simply and neatly attired. And be by all sensible people admired."

And how it will please dearest Harry to see That glitter and show are not cared for by me; For you know though he's clever and charming, he's poor.

(That's why he has never proposed, I am sure)—I shall mix with those choice intellectual spirits Who complain that we fall to discover their merits."

Kate said, with a smile, that was much like a moor.

"You are perfectly welcome to try it, my dear." Occasion soon offered; within a few days Mrs. Bullion gave one of her charming soirees; A simple white muslin I ventured to wear.

And a wreath of pale roses to place in my hair. (All very becoming, indeed, I declare!) Yet I felt rather odd when I entered the rooms, Glittering with splendor and sweet with perfume.

I sank on a sofa, all worried and heated, And heard a gay party, who near me were seated, Whisper, in accents not meant for my ear, "How oddly she dresses!" "How silly!" "How queer!"

But imagine, I pray you, my just indignation, When Kate Somers' voice said, "It's all affected!"

She thinks, you must know, this new eccentricity Will be called by the gentlemen, charming simplicity."

But the greatest by far of my trials that night, That put all my soul for reforming to flight, Was my sorrow and mortification to see My own Harry sitting with Rosamond Lee.

Who shone on that evening in lace and pearls, And ribbons and founces, the gayest of girls. Yet she cannot tell how our Republic is bounded, By whom it is governed, or when it was founded.

She knows quite enough though to win admiration From those who talk most of the mind's cultivation;

For with all their fine speeches men show by their actions, That Mammon for them has superior attractions. It is followed, caressed, and flattered and fawned, While intellect waits, unadmired and unmated.

How are we to break through the chains that have bound us, Without one helping hand from the strong ones around us?

While we our best moments to folly are giving, Pray how are our masculine satellites living? In fine, I must beg from yourself and all others, Some attention in future bestowed on our brothers.

And trust when the fables of fashion are shown, They will not be those of one gender alone.

Louisville, Ky. A. B. ABB.

THE EBONY CASKET.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOVERNNESS. IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SYDNEY HOLMAR.

I sat again in my quiet little chamber that overlooked the Rhine. But my eyes did not linger now idly on the red roof of the village, but looked far off in the blue distance, towards the south, for they could trace there the white winding road that led to Diensdorf. And there was now the one object of living interest to me in this land of strangers—my poor blind child, Margaret.

After she had parted from Gilbert on that terrible morning, they had never met again. He had sent her a letter urging her to still fulfill the broken contract; but even in the pleadings he used, could be seen the deep, unconquerable dread and dislike which had overcome him with the shock of the first discovery. To this letter Margaret was able to return no answer. The long restraint and struggle had proved too much at last for her strength, and she sank into a low fever, from which she rose like a shadow. That she should longer remain at the Hall, although Gilbert was absent, was impossible. Philip Stamford, who had for several weeks been on the Continent, returned, bringing with him letters from a celebrated physician of Diensdorf.

That there was any possibility of the ultimate restoration of her sight, he gave up but little reason to hope, but urged her immediate removal to the Convent of St. Ursula, in that village, where, if his skill could not restore her, she could be taught how best to dispense with the sense she had lost. There were then no asylums for the blind. This oculist, whose fame had attracted patients from every part of Europe, had retained several incurable cases in his convent, and, with the aid of the nuns, had for years been endeavoring to devise some method of replacing the lost power. That he never succeeded in doing this, as others did who lived soon after him, was not the fault of his benevolent heart.

We took Margaret there. She never mentioned Gilbert's name, nor did she ever seem to expect that he would again urge on her the renewal of their betrothal. She knew, as did I, the morbid peculiarity of the man's nature, which made him shrink instinctively from any thing painful or repulsive. It was her knowledge of this that had induced the poor child so long to conceal her misfortune, and had strengthened her in her resolve. Amy pleaded to accompany her in her resolve. Amy pleaded to accompany her in her resolve. Amy pleaded to accompany her in her resolve.

"It must not be," she said to me; "no one shall be weighed down by my burden. I will bear it alone."

Nor was it possible that even the partial comfort of my sympathy should be granted her constantly. My own wearisome duties prevented my seeing her but seldom.

I do not wish to dwell upon those first years that passed slowly over Margaret's head—how slowly, her own sick heart kept count with every throb of pain. The faded form and whitening lip only told how deep the wound had been; always with the same meek, humble step she passed through the long, dim corridors of the convent, her sightless eyes closed, and her hand outstretched before her, or sat under the thick shade of the lindens in the garden hour after hour, the glimmering shadow and sunshine playing over her white-robed figure. When she was spoken to, she answered with a cheerful smile, and then sat silent again, as if listening. Listening for what?—what voice was it that she thus waited for hours and days and years to hear? Without hope, yet waiting, waiting still. So the days passed, silently, heavily; of long nights, when she was left alone with her blindness and utter solitude, none knew; when the morning came, her pale cheek told of bitter conflicts with her own soul, of upbraiding prayers to the Hand that had laid this heavy affliction on her, of impatient, restless, vain repining. But Time, that stupifies, did its work, and there followed a time of weary exhaustion, of uncomplaining patience. There is such a period in the life of every woman when God thinks worthy to suffer deeply. An hour of gray, immovable twilight, after the one fierce storm of life is over, when the weak, worn heart sinks down in a dull torpor, with no feeling left save a dim terror lest the sharp pain may awaken again. Perhaps the eyes that now carefully scan these lines can look back to such an hour, known only to God and the sufferer. An hour when she summoned all the strength that Religion, Pride or Will could give—and found it all too weak to support one moment more of effort. Yet the moment came—and was gone, and the effort was made, and custom and habit gave a courage to endure.

"Verschmessen," exclaims Schiller's noblest hero, in the hour of poignant anguish, "Verschmessen werde ich diesen Schlag, das weisse ich," and then comes the bitter, yet how true conclusion, "Denn, was verschmessen nicht der mensch?" I know, as I looked at Margaret, that some day the time for awakening from the lethargy would come. I knew the stinging pain for her as well as others would pass, the weary aching cease, and the heart would not break, but through years of suffering would grow numb and cold and selfish, or would quicken again into strength and kindness, if not love. Yet I felt that the change with her would be long in coming. Other women are roused by occupation and the thousand excitements which surround them; she was shut in by her blindness on her own thoughts. If, I thought, she could only see Gilbert Halstone in the light in which I was learning to see him! Since the day of her decision, he had never made any effort to restore to her the property which, by that decision, she forfeited; nor, indeed, had Amy; but then Amy was but a child, and never, it was probable, had thought of business matters. Margaret's annuity from her mother I knew, and I knew that Gilbert was aware of it also, was barely sufficient to support her. She, I do not believe, had ever thought or cared from whence came this fund; for Philip had taken upon himself its care and management. He visited Diensdorf but seldom in these first years; I was learning to alter my judgment of him also. Silent, and apparently cold in his temperance as when a boy, there was something in the man's strength of will and force of character that commanded homage. His struggle with poverty was a hard one. How he had supported himself during his early youth I never knew; his face bore traces of the most rigid privation. Now he gained a scanty subsistence by writing, while he pursued his study of the law with an unwavering energy.

At last came the shock that was to rouse Margaret. Late in the autumn of the third year after she came to Diensdorf, Mrs. Vicars and Amy arrived to make their annual visit. Never had I seen Amy more lovely than she seemed then, when her light, fairy-like figure went dancing through the dark halls of the convent, or pacing slowly by her sister's side. The oldest and gloomiest of the sombre nuns gathered round her in wondering admiration and amusement at her bright, willful prattle or ringing laughter. Even Margaret's face grew less pale and heavy. Yet I could not but fancy that her childish merriment was forced; her face was constantly a perplexed look, and a warning glance from Mrs. Vicars would throw her into a confused silence. That lady herself seemed perpetually to be laboring under the consciousness of some mighty secret which she dreaded might suddenly escape. What it could be I almost feared to hear, for I had a presentiment that some new misfortune was impending over Margaret. It came at last.

One bright November evening I had ridden over to Diensdorf. I found Margaret and Amy in the convent garden, in Margaret's favorite seat beneath the lindens. She sat with Amy's head resting on her knee, softly stroking back the ringlets of paly hair. Amy was quieter than usual. The anxious, perplexed look was deeper on her face. The distant vespers hymn from the chapel convent came faintly to our ears, and we grew gradually silent. Mrs. Vicars even stopped her eternal low monotonous, but did not seem to feel the holy hush that pervaded the scene. She glanced from Amy to Margaret uneasily, and then with an earnest expression of warning, and a meaning nod to Amy, gathered her shawl around her and went away. I felt that their secret, whatever it might be, was about to be disclosed, and looked to the poor blind girl. There was an expression of peace in her face I seldom saw there. The far-off plaintive strain had brought the tears to her eyes, and an unvoiced, gentle smile to her lips. Amy was watching her, too. God forgive me if I looked at her bright, lovely face with a bitter dislike. Why should she come to wound the helpless girl as I felt she was going to do?

"Listen," she said, softly.

Margaret laid her head, and touched the fair forehead with her lips.

"Do you really love me so much, Margaret?" asked Amy, suddenly, her face flushing.

"I have little else to care for," she said, quietly.

There was a moment's pause. She looked intently in the pale, wan face before her and hesitated, but I saw she passed from no pity or remorse, only an uncertainty how best to strike the blow, whatever it might be. I looked in silence. There are moments when the whole character flashes into the face. I was terrified by the hard, unflinching cruelty, the stony depths which that moment revealed in the brilliant blue eyes that now were fixed steadily on the blind girl's face. She spoke at last.

"Do you so much love me, Margaret, as to give me something you have no longer any need for?"

Margaret's only answer was a smile and a caressing motion of the hand.

"Something," pursued the other, her eyes following every passing expression on Margaret's face, "which was, and is still very dear to you, Margaret."

The blind girl started, a sudden pallor overspread her face.

"What do you mean, Amy?" she whispered.

"Will you give me—Gilbert, Margaret?"

She hurried to say this, half rising from her recumbent position on the ground, and placing her hand on her sister's arm.

It was the first time for years that Margaret had heard the name. She did not speak nor move now.

"He loves me," said Amy, in a hard, quick tone, "he says—" she paused here, but only for an instant, "he says he always loved me better than all the world beside." A cold shiver passed over the best form before her, but she did not pause. "I have promised to marry him, Margaret—in a month from now. He is nothing to you now, Margaret, never can be. Do not look at me so," she cried, shrinking back, for the blind eyes were open and gazing at her with a frightful look of blank terror and pain. "Take your hand from my arm," she almost shrieked, angrily shaking off the trembling grasp. "I am not to blame." She was silent then, for the dumb look of reproach and agony was turned away—and the blind girl went slowly, and without a word, back to the convent.

On my return home I found Philip Stamford awaiting my arrival.

"Has Margaret heard of Gilbert's approaching marriage?" he asked, without attempting to conceal his agitation. "It is better that it has happened," he said, pacing the room with hurried steps. "She will learn to see him as he is sooner. She must do that sometimes. Surely this cannot last forever."

"Are you going to Diensdorf?" I asked, after a half-hour's silence.

"Not now," he said, doubtfully pausing, "I will return in a few days." He came up, pressed my hand warmly, and was gone.

I saw it all now, and wondered why I had not seen it before.

The month passed. Four weeks of sickening suspense even to me. Then came the news of the wedding, that with all due form and pomp had taken place. Margaret heard the letters in silence; no word escaped her to show what or how deeply she felt. Another letter from Mrs. Vicars to announce that the bride and groom had started on their continental tour, and "in the course of a few weeks would visit Diensdorf to see their dear sister Margaret." I read this to Margaret—and saw her shudder, but she bowed assent. What a heavy, solemn mockery this great etiquette of society is! How silently the tragedy of life goes on beneath its iron net-work of smiles and bows and social greetings. I have seen hearts breaking day by day—the slow, sure death-stabs given to a soul, while the murderer and his victim met with the calm, easy friendliness which "society" demanded. You, reader, have seen the same, though, perhaps, you did not know it, yesterday—and to-day. It is right after all. If there must be a skeleton in every home and heart, let them be decently dressed, not to offend the passer-by. And so one of those scenes of acting transpired when Gilbert and his bride came to see their sister Margaret. If the actors had been imaginary people in a novel there would have been a scene of wild and bitter reproaches, but being simply well-dressed people of the nineteenth century, no stranger could have noted any peculiarity in the meeting. He might have thought that the blind girl was unusually white and cold, that Philip Stamford, who stood behind her chair, watched her with a scrutiny almost angry in its eagerness—and if he had been a close observer, he would have seen on Gilbert Halstone's face a strange shadow like the scowl of an old and crafty man. Amy, like most weak and shallow natures, was most perfectly at her ease, gossiping about the wedding festivities, the news from Halstone Hall, and described their intended journey. So the day passed, and, one by one, each fell into the light upper current of conversation, and the deep, dark tide of feeling beneath was untouched.

We were in the little inn at Diensdorf. The next morning Gilbert and his bride were to leave. One day's stay was all that propriety would demand, and was almost more than Margaret could endure. The evening came on, raw and cold. We gathered around the cheerful fire in the little inn parlor. The red flames flickered over the coarse, crimson curtains that shut out the wintry night, and the curiously carved oak tables and chairs. For a time no sound was heard except the wild moaning of the wind, and the dull ticking of the Dutch clock in the corner. Then Amy, with a thoughtlessness which I could not find it in my heart to forgive—began carelessly to sing one of the songs which had been her sister's favorites in the years long past. I saw poor Margaret clutch her fingers together, in the effort to hide her agitation, and looking up suddenly, caught Gilbert Halstone's eyes fixed on her. I turned to Philip. I could scarcely restrain my anger. Philip's look of mingled contempt and hate was too plain not to be seen by Gilbert. Their eyes met; and while the joyous air of the Swiss song filled the air, the two stood silently regarding each other, like two opponents about to meet in deadly strife—who measure each the other's strength. Yet when it came, when the last delicately executed warlike had died away, and the lovely little songstress rose impatiently to look out at the driving snow, the tones of their voices were as calm and measured as if no deadly hatred lurked beneath. I remember distinctly as if I saw it in a picture now, the scene in that little chamber of the inn. The freight flashed brightest on the serial brilliant figure of the young bride, who stood half unconscious, half careless of the others, tapping the window pane with her jeweled finger. Her sister, (oh, how old and faded Margaret looked beside her!) sat on a low foot-stool by the fire, her head turned wistfully towards each speaker. Gilbert Halstone indolently reclined in the only easy-chair the room boasted. Fastidious to a fault in his dress, there always reigned over his whole manner and person an air of delicate refinement, of languid repose that could not but be pleasing. His fair regular features were in perfect quietude, only his eyes wary and half closed, was fixed on Philip's face. Stern and immovable as the Sphinx, Stamford stood by the door before him. Something in the calm depths of his eyes, the air of quiet determination, that told of an unconquered will, reminded me of the old burden of the song "Philip the King," despite his coarse dress. He was the first to break the silence. Leaving the room for an instant, he returned, and placed on the table a small, dark chest.

"What have you there," said Amy, "my bridal present, Philip?"

"An old relic, which perhaps you will remember," he answered. "An heirloom for which I have a fancy, and from which I never part. But as I am sadly deficient in regard to the knowledge of its history, I am going to ask for information from your husband."

He spoke in a light tone, and lifted from the chest the ebony casket. I saw the old shadow on Gilbert's face—but it vanished, and, in cold, cautious tones, he said, stooping forward, as if to examine it.

"I remember it well. The beggar of my childhood! But why," he asked, with a sharp glance at Philip, yet in the same tone, tracing the carving with his finger, "why do you come to me for information?"

"Only," said he, "in regard to one part of its history. The night of your Uncle Halstone's death—"

He stopped for a moment, looking still in the other's face.

"Go on," said Gilbert, sinking back again indolently.

"Why will you recall such dreadful remembrances, Philip," he fretfully exclaimed.

He did not heed her, nor removed his eyes an instant from the cold, guarded face before him.

"On that night," he resumed, in a slow, distinct tone, "your uncle revealed to me the secret of my birth; the proofs were in that ebony casket."

There was a moment's silence.

"Did you find them there?" asked Gilbert, a scarcely perceptible sneer curling his lip.

"That the casket contained them at the time Mr. Halstone made to me the discovery, I never have doubted," Philip answered, firmly. "It was opened when I found it on the floor of the library, and it was in the effort to protect it, that your uncle was murdered."

The cold eye of the listener never faltered, though his very lips turned white. Headless of Margaret's startled cry, he remained silent an instant, and then said, mockingly,

"Your charge is a grave one. Whom do you accuse at once of robbery and murder?"

"I accuse no one. I leave the proof of my assertion to God. I can bring none."

"Then," resumed the other, in a light, triumphant tone, "why do you suggest to us subjects which I agree with Amy in thinking are exceedingly unpleasant? It is bad taste, Philip, of which I should not have thought you capable. My own opinion is that my uncle's mind was too weak a state to permit any sane person to credit his assertions upon that night. Why have you never asserted your belief as to your real name and position, whatever you think it to be, before now? Why have you never brought forward this charge against whoever you consider guilty until to-day?"

Philip's eyes left Gilbert's face for the first time, and rested on Margaret with a look of infinite tenderness and pity. When he spoke his voice trembled.

"I was silent for the sake of one whom I would have spared every needless pang. It is useless to speak of that now, I shall be silent no longer."

"You threaten, sir," said Gilbert rising. "I understand you. But evidence more tangible than boastful assertions are needed before I shall fear your claims."

"The evidence will come in God's good time," said Philip, solemnly. "I have faith in Him, and I have faith in this," he added, touching the motto on the vase—"THE POWER SHALL BE WITH THE RIGHT."

"Philip," exclaimed the other, suddenly, "I swear by this fatal urn," laying his hand on it, "and by the God to whom you appeal, that I am innocent of the crime at which you darkly hint. If those proofs exist, they are not known to me. Do you doubt me?" He turned fiercely towards him.

The abruptness of the declaration, and its apparent earnestness and sincerity carried a weight of conviction to even my mind. Even Philip was shaken. He placed the vase in its case slowly and doubtfully.

"I leave it to time," he said, quietly; and Gilbert turned to Amy with some indifferent remark, and a strange light in his eyes. The clock chiming the hour gave a welcome signal for retiring, and, with formal adieus, the strangely assorted party separated, never to meet again on earth.

PART IV.

From that day a new life began for us in the quiet village of Diensdorf. My engagement with the daughter of Baron Steinfield terminated at this time, and I did not renew it, but, after counting the cost, and taking a survey of my little savings, I concluded that the day had at last arrived when I could venture to carry into execution a long cherished project. It was

simply this; to procure a home which I could call my own, and to which I could take my poor blind child Margaret. I often look back to those days as the pleasantest in my life, when, with all the eagerness and inexperience of children, we began the task of finding and furnishing a home. The "home instinct" that lies dormant in every woman's breast awoke in Margaret for the first time in her life, and for the time seemed to metamorphose her. She never wearied of going from house to house, examining and comparing, until, at last, we fixed, with Philip's assistance, on one, a quaint, many gabled little cottage, half hidden by a hemlock in the hill, and shaded by clumps of beech and oak. Then when the important business of choosing our furniture was in progress she was excited as a child, going from room to room, passing her hands over the carved pine chairs, and altering a hundred times the place of each. At last the final completing touch was given; even Philip pronounced that nothing more could be done. Then the cry checked little Gretchen, who was our prime minister and counsellor, stirred up the cheerful little fire in our tiny parlor, drew my great easy-chair to one side of it, and Margaret's low footstool beside me, and proceeded to spread the snowy cloth upon the table and make tea for us. An English tea-table! In our own house, too—and by our own fire, and drunk from our own china! No one but a woman tossed from place to place as I had been, could comprehend the exquisite comfort and pleasure of that first cup of tea. The warm sunlight that lit with a blaze of glory the wide spread valley of the Rhine, lingered on no more cheerful spot than our home looking table, with its glittering white cups, the snowy bread and golden butter, and crimson fruit smothered in cream. Philip, for Philip was there, glanced around with a rare look of satisfaction.

"Remember," I said, as I proceeded rather awkwardly in my unusual occupation of making tea, "remember, Philip, that is your chair whenever you honor Diensdorf with your presence."

"I shall claim your hospitality oftener than you imagine," he said, "I too am going to make a change. I am coming to make Diensdorf my home." He looked at Margaret as he spoke.

"I am glad, Philip," she said, but so carefully did she say it that I hastened to try and cover her indifference by the warmth of my reply. But the shadow was on his face, and rested there until we parted for the night.

So our new life began. It was long before we ceased to find something to alter and amend in our domain; then I discovered a vast amount of sewing that required my time in the mornings;—after our mid-day meal there was the daily walk to take, for we began a thorough exploration of Diensdorf and its environs. Then Margaret undertook the care of Gretchen's education, and a hopeless task she found it. She revived, too, her old love of music, and passed many an hour that might have fallen back into the old apathy in trying vainly to bring sweet sounds from the old harpsichord that was our only instrument. But evening was the crowning point of the day.

Philip came then, and for the first time I learned to know and value him aright. I was every day astonished more and more by the depth and extent of his knowledge, and by the strong, original views he took of life and the world around him. He read aloud to us every evening—and I soon perceived the secret motive that prompted his choice of subjects. They were such as would open new vistas of thought and feeling to Margaret, would draw her out and away from the morbid reflection of her peculiar trials on her own mind, and give her deeper and wider hopes and beliefs. Margaret had never loved knowledge for its own sake; when a child she had studied to excel, because it would please those she loved, and as a woman she had made Gilbert Halstone her world, and forgotten all else in him. Now the long sleeping energies of her mind awoke, and in the hope to fill up the great void in her life she eagerly grasped at this new light that shone in on her. No ambitious aspirant for the world's honors ever devoted themselves to study with more feverish eagerness than did poor Margaret, whose only hope was—to forget. And Philip, with an eagerness almost equal to her own, led her on, step by step, each day unfolding some new truths, with all the patience of a mother simplifying and explaining what had cost him long years of study to make clear. Poor Philip—blind, blind! He could not see as I did, that he was to her nothing but the indifferent medium through which she hoped would come to her this knowledge that was to take the place of all she had lost, that the eager thanks with which she bade him good-night each evening were accompanied by no blushing shyness—that the gratitude was only gratitude—and though the ideal hero she had worshipped so long perhaps was shattered, yet other had arisen to take his place. So the winter passed, and spring was giving way to summer. Margaret was changed, her steps had grown firmer, her cheek wore an unchanging rose, could she then, I thought, take this new percent of knowledge in lieu of all else? Was she so unlike every other woman as to be able to stifle the unceasing cry of the heart "to love" by teaching it how "to know?"

It was a clear, cool evening in June. The day had passed without bringing the monthly letter from Mrs. Vicars—short, formal despatches they were usually; heard by Margaret always in perfect silence, for she never now mentioned Gilbert's nor Amy's name. She had walked down the little path to the brow of the hill, and stood in the red sunset glow, singing in a low voice to herself. Philip and I followed her. She turned to meet us with a smile. Philip was unusually pale that day. I knew that he was going soon to start upon a journey to France, which would detain him perhaps for months, but had not told Margaret. I looked down from the little plateau where we stood, at the quiet landscape beneath, embosomed in green hills. Here and there the light wreaths of smoke told of a cottage hid among the trees; the slow gliding river sent glancing back the crimson sunlight; no sound broke the stillness but the distant jingle of the bells, as the herds were winding their way home from pasture.

"It looks like a scene in Aradria," I said.

"Do you remember, Margaret," I asked, after a moment's pause, "that poem of Schiller's, where he calls childhood Aradria, and looking back from the hazy desert of old age, tells how 'the stern angel Justice, with his steady, sad eyes,' look from him, one by one, life's blessings, and left him nothing but resignation?"

Margaret was silent a moment, and then, in a low voice, began to repeat the poem, beginning, with a faint, tremulous tone, on the sad burden of the lament, "Ach! ich war in Aradria geboren."

One of my greatest pleasures was to hear Margaret repeat German poetry. Her voice was full and rich, and she gave it full freedom to express every emotion. Yes, though the nervous energy of despair, or the joyous, buoyant tones of hope, it carried still a sad, peculiar cadence that gave to each an unique charm. Now, faithful of our promise, she repeated to herself the touching drama of a life's hopes—a dreary, the saddest ever written, as it ends with no gleam of a life elsewhere, where hope may live again, as the coil that came into the world but to suffer, give back to God the hope of bliss life gave, still unfilled at life's close, nor asks to receive it again. We were silent, she stood in the old attitude, her head bent, her hands folded meekly before her. Bitter memories I saw flash by her brain; life, dull, gray, hopeless lay outstretched before her, and she stood weak and alone on its sands. Philip suddenly turned and took her hand.

"Margaret!"

"She started at his tone of intense feeling. "Margaret, I too, was an Aradria!"

A dreamy surprise covered her face. For the first time in her life, I believe, she thought of what he was or had been, other than the cold recognition he had given him as a kind and tender friend. She looked up now with a childish sort of wonder, and said, simply,

"You have had a hard life, poor Philip!—when did you lose your dream of happiness, as it must be lost, the poet says?"

She smiled sadly, and scarcely seemed to wait for his answer, falling back into her own reverie.

"I have not lost it, Margaret," he said, in a low tone, that forced her to look up. "I have kept my dream of Aradria since I was a boy, deep hidden in my heart, through all these years of toil, and hard, bitter struggle. It has given me life, strength, Margaret—strength to bear pain and disappointment and poverty, almost starvation. I have kept it, clung to it; I vowed that it should be realized, here in this life!—I vowed to conquer my fate! But there are times when the truth is forced on me that my hope has been in vain—that even this one bright dream of life, the only one I have cherished, will be taken from me!"

He paused. She stood still, silent, in a wondering amazement.

"Margaret: it is from you the words must come that will make my dream a reality. You can give to me the Aradria where every living soul dwells for a little time, but where my step has never entered."

"I, Philip!" She put her hand on his arm, pale, bewildered.

"Come to me," he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of passion, the pent-up feelings of years breaking forth in one wild cry: "Come to me, my poor blind darling. You have suffered, and I have suffered with you. I have watched you since we were children; all the time you loved another. And I knew all the time that you ought to be mine; that there was your rightful place of rest—here, on my heart, Margaret. I am strong, Margaret; my great love shall so enfold and shelter you, that no pain nor cold shall ever touch you more. Come to me, Margaret, Margaret." He opened his arms. She turned white and trembling away.

"Never, never," she said in a whisper. Then with a sudden burst of tears and sobs she cried, "oh, my God, save me from this temptation, keep me true to him I first loved, true to myself."

Philip drew back. "You love him still, then? You love that man?"

She did not answer for a minute. "No, Philip," she said; "I dare not forget him; he was all I ever knew of good. He may have been false, but I will be no traitor. No; God forgive me for giving you pain, but I did not know."

"No, Margaret," he said bitterly, "you never knew me." He took her hand, held it a moment with a stunned look of dull pain, and then turned abruptly, and was gone.

"Gone," she murmured, looking after him in a confused, dreaming way, as if she could see his retreating figure.

Day after day passed, and Philip's name was never mentioned. I tried to fill his place by reading and walking with her; but although she did not speak, I knew each hour of the day how much she missed him. Insensibly to both, he had become associated with every thought. Now, when he was gone forever, she felt how great and wide was the loss. For the first time in her life she grew impatient and fretful—wearied of her studies, of music, of herself.

About a month after Philip's departure a letter arrived from Halstone Hall. It was from Mrs. Vicars, detailing the events of the past spring, and ending with the announcement that Amy's health was falling fast, from no visible cause other than a slight cold, contracted in Naples. "Under those circumstances," she proceeded to say, "it was the wish of Mrs. Gilbert Halstone, and seemed expedient and proper to herself that Margaret should immediately rejoin her sister. So vehement, indeed, was Amy's wish to this effect, that Mr. Halstone himself would come over for her if any escort could be found."

A line from Amy ended the letter, written in an almost illegible scrawl. She said, "I know, Margaret, that they think I will die. Come at once, and stay with me; I am so miserable and lonely." I read it all to her.

"I will go, Aunt Courtney," she said without an instant's doubt; "if Amy needs me, I ought to go." And she went.

The summer months crept very slowly by. I heard from Philip often. He never spoke of Margaret, though in my letters to him I communicated every trifling item of intelligence I could glean respecting her. That was but little. She of course could not write to me,

"Do you remember, Margaret," I asked, after a moment's pause, "that poem of Schiller's, where he calls childhood Aradria, and looking back from the hazy desert of old age, tells how 'the stern angel Justice, with his steady, sad eyes,' look from him, one by one, life's blessings, and left him nothing but resignation?"

and from Mrs. Vane's formerly wretched opinion little could be learned. Amy was sinking fast, that I knew; and in her extreme need she turned to Margaret for every aid and comfort. From a passing stranger, a near neighbor of the family at Hainstone Hall, I heard that it was commonly rumored that Amy's illness was increased by the selfishness and unkindness of her husband, that their married life had been a singularly unhappy one; and on wide-spread and apparently truthful reports of Gilbert's cruelty, that a general resort and coldness had taken the place of the universal popularity he had possessed when a boy. Of Margaret my informant could tell me nothing, except that she never left her sister's side, devoting herself entirely to her.

So the year was gone. How lonely and long it was to me, I must not stop to tell, for I must hasten and bring my story to its conclusion. One cold day in January, I had drawn my solitary chair to the fire, when Gretchen brought in, with the evening candle, a letter from England. It was sealed with black. I knew the contents before I opened it. "Margaret was coming home," that was my first thought; may Heaven forgive me. "Amy was dead," Mrs. Vane said; adding, "a short life, and not a happy one." She herself would leave the Hall as soon as possible—would bring Margaret home to me—as she designed making a short tour of the continent, and could take Diensdorf on her way. "Poor Amy! And that was all the moon over your grave." Old times rose rapidly before me. Amy as a child, bright and beautiful, I saw, and forgot Amy as a woman, cold and selfish. Then their lives passed in slow review before me, with all their chance and change. What effect would those last six months have had upon Margaret—passed in hourly intercourse with the man she had so passionately loved? I had my own surmise, and before I rose to begin my preparations to receive her, for I knew she would arrive the next day, I drew my little writing-desk towards me, and wrote a few hurried lines—not to England, but to Paris. Gretchen and I were busy the next day, in arranging our little double for our long absent guest. She did not come for several days, however, and then arrived, as pale and weak, in her mourning dress, that I scarcely knew her. For a day or two she lay upon the couch in my room too exhausted to hear or to talk. Then she told me the long, sorrowful story of Amy's sickness and suffering. And she told me, too, with a voice that faltered only with anger, of Gilbert's injustice, and slow, constant cruelty to the dying woman. Cursed at last, of the long delusion! As time wore on, we fell again into our old routine of occupation. She never mentioned Philip's name. One day, however, I read to her his letters. She listened eagerly; and, I saw by the painful flushing of her cheek, and I concluded each, noted his silence respecting herself. She said nothing, however; only went to the window with a smothered sigh, and returned soon with a sudden burst of unwelcome gaiety.

Meanwhile I waited anxiously for a letter from him, but he neither came nor wrote. We resumed our old course of reading, and I could not but notice how unemotionally to herself, Philip's taste guided her in her choice of books; how every hour she quoted his opinions, without naming him, nor how deeply she felt the void in her life which his absence created. Why did he not come? I grew restless, impatient. But the mystery was soon solved. One evening we walked down through the village with Clara Steinfeld who had been with us all day. She was my favorite pupil, a frank honest-hearted German girl—one of the few persons of whom Margaret was not afraid. As we passed by the river path, where we separated, she said, "I had forgotten to ask you if you had heard the rumor about your friend Herr Standford. He is soon to marry an English lady in Paris—very lovely, it is said, and better still, very rich—I have forgotten her name."

What I stammered in my confusion I do not know, but cutting short our adieu with Clara, I turned homeward with Margaret. She did not speak until we entered the little parlor at home, then seated herself by the fire and remained silent. "Aunt Courtney, do you believe it?" she asked suddenly. "No, Margaret," I answered—yet I spoke doubtfully for I remembered her long silence. "Very lovely," she repeated softly to herself, and then passing her hands over her own pale face, laughed bitterly, and rising, went to her own chamber. She did not come down for many hours, and when she did her cheeks bore traces of tears, and her voice was lower and sadder than before.

So it was all over. And as I sat weeping, with a most unsteady hand that evening, I grew misanthropic and rebellious against the wayward turns of fate. After that, our life subsided into a deeper quietude. Margaret was more patient, more gentle than ever before. Here was a weary life; with no hope in the future; no bright spot in the Past to which she could turn with comfort; and worst of all, denied the resource of active employment. Even the books which she had been learning to love, seemed to have acquired some secret power of giving pain, for she never wished to hear them read now. She followed me in my visits to the poor, and tried in a thousand touching, helpless ways to make herself useful.

One evening in November, we had been out walking through the mountain path, until Margaret was weak and exhausted. When we entered the house, she went to her own room, while I opened the door of the sitting-room. The table was arranged for tea with unusual care; the silver, only polished on gala days, was displayed with all the state Gretchen could devise; and that bright-eyed damsel herself was hurrying from cupboard to kitchen in an alarming state of excitement. I had scarcely time to see this, and mark the unusual preparations on foot for a feast, when a well-known footstep crossed the verandah, and entered the room behind me. Margaret, at the same moment, came in from an inner apartment.

"Philip!" she cried, and stopping, leaned against the wall, trembling and pale. He kissed her hand respectfully, and then turning to me bestowed a warmer greeting. In spite of all my efforts I felt embarrassed and constrained. "Are you alone?" I asked, after the first welcome was over. He looked bewildered, and with a nervous haste, very foolish in a woman of my age, I told him Clara Steinfeld's story. He listened in silence, and when I had finished, simply said, "It is not true," with a sad gravity, that conveyed a tacit reproach to me. We sat down to the table, yet somehow our gaiety was forced. One sentence of Philip's explained all that made me doubt: "I have been in Belgium for two months, and only received your letter a few days ago." After that I sipped my tea with a complete sense of satisfaction. It was a rainy evening, though late in the autumn. So after our evening meal was over, we went into the little garden to show Philip the alterations we had made. He spoke but little to Margaret, and when he did it was with an almost stern reserve. Half-way down the hill there was a little fountain—a favorite resort of Margaret's and mine—to which a rocky path led. As we stood by the garden gate I pointed to Philip how red its waters glowed in the setting sun.

"It is not true," he said, "and look if the roses I planted there have grown."

Margaret followed me, but slowly. She was deadly pale this evening, but that might only be from weariness. Her foot caught in a projecting rock, and she nearly fell. "You should not walk alone," he said, stopping, and standing beside her. "I have learned to do it," she answered, in a bitter tone, the sudden tears springing to her eyes. He was silent a moment—pale as death—with a look of infinite pity and tenderness. But the iron will conquered. He drew back to let her pass. "Go on alone then, Margaret, if so you choose."

She turned to him her blind face, pitiful, imploring—and with trembling, outstretched hands, cried, suddenly— "Philip, lead me." I saw him clasp her in his arms with passionate eagerness, and then I went back to the fire and Gretchen. Whether the roses grew by the mountain spring, I never heard; but when they entered, an hour afterwards, I saw their flush on Margaret's cheeks, and fancied that Philip had tasted of the waters, and found them those of the fabled fountain of youth.

So they were married—in the little church at Diensdorf—and came to live with me. Two little passages in their lives I must give the reader, and then my story is finished: About two months after the marriage we had gathered around the fire, late one winter's night. Inensibly the conversation had turned upon our old life in Hainstone Hall.

"Where is the mysterious relic, Philip?" I asked. "The ebony casket, that contains the fate of the Hainstones. He left the room an instant, and returning, brought the dark casket chest that contained it. Margaret opened it, and placed it on the table. "I have not looked at it for years," he said, "yet foolish as it may seem, my faith in the truth of the old tradition remains unshaken."

Naturally the current of our thoughts ran on in the channel thus opened, and we talked of heirlooms, of prophecies, of ghosts and fulfilled presentiments. Philip was well read in German mysticism, and told tale after tale until the fire burned low. Meanwhile, the strange black urn, with its quaint carving and deep murder stain, formed a fitting accompaniment to the wild visions he conjured up.

Margaret sat beside the table listening, and passing her hand idly over the arabesque carving. Like all blind persons, her sense of touch had grown fine. Suddenly I saw her careless hand pause, and she stooped with an exclamation of surprise over the urn. Philip went towards her, but she did not heed him, but continued with nervous eagerness and flushed cheeks her rapid examination of the carving. At last, she pressed with more force a certain point, and looking up, showed us a cover which had opened, leaving open the lower part of the urn—then putting in her trembling hand, she drew out two dusty papers, yellow with age, and gave them to her husband. Philip's hands trembled a little too as he held them to the light. He read them slowly as it seemed to me, and then with a fervent "Thank God, found at last!" placed them in my hand, and caught Margaret to his heart in a delirium of joy that frightened me. I looked at the papers—confused. One was the certificate of marriage between George Hainstone and Maud Standford in Paris—the other a paper signed by the late Mr. John Hainstone, declaring Philip Standford to be the rightful, legitimate son and heir of George Hainstone, the elder brother who had died in Naples. Every proof which the law could demand was given.

"You are my cousin, then, Philip?" said Margaret with a bewildered look. He assented laughingly, adding, "And the rightful possessor of Hainstone Hall, as Gilbert Hainstone will know, and soon shall acknowledge. I understand now," he continued, "why his assertion of innocence in regard to the theft of these papers impressed me so forcibly as true. In the endeavor to gain possession of them on that fatal night, he only succeeded in opening the upper part of the casket, and did not discover the secret spring. Before many more days, Margaret, you shall be mistress of Hainstone Hall."

She smiled gently, and placed her hand in his with a simple look of trust, very touching to see on the pale was face. He put back the papers in their case and closed the urn, reading in a low voice over to himself the motto, "THE POWER SHALL AS WITH THE RIGHT." But a few days did not restore Hainstone Hall to its rightful owner. Philip had been too naive. Gilbert Hainstone's opposition to the course of the law was long and violent, but, at last, after nearly a year's delay, the suit was decided in favor of the long-wronged heir. They did not then immediately take possession of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which we had often discussed, of a tour through Europe. When they reached Paris, they remained there for several months, why, Philip's letters never stated—and I grew impatient at

their long delay in returning to their old home.

At last, it was the latter part of December, I remember, I received a letter dated Hainstone Hall.

"We are at home," he said, in concluding, "and one of our first tasks has been to arrange your rooms for you, our dearest, trust friend. Come to us at once, bring your trusty Gretchen, and let us try if the end of our lives in the old Hall may not be brighter than the beginning. Margaret is beside me with Amy in her arms. The Amy you have never seen—and she forbids me to tell you the secret my pen will hardly keep—the result of our long delay in Paris. So come at once and find it for yourself."

I went at once. The heavy snow lay white and still upon the ground, when I reached the park, and passed through the stately avenue of oaks glistening in the sunlight with their robes of hoar-frost. Philip met me at the foot of the grand flight of marble steps, a bright welcome beaming in his face—so, leaning on him, for I was growing old and feeble now, I went slowly up to the house where I had seen such varied change, never to leave it again. We entered the hall. I started in almost terror at the sight that met me. Yet it was only Margaret, coming with a light, almost bounding step, down to meet me. Margaret—but Margaret, as in days long past, with the soft, damask flush upon her cheek—her head, crowned with its auburn tresses, no longer bowed, but lifted up to mine in joyous welcome; and the dark, brown eyes beaming with a brilliant, tremulous light. She threw her arms around my neck, and looked at me eagerly before she kissed me, then, in answer to my startled cry, she sobbed out between laughter and tears.

"Yes, this is our secret—my eyes are cured; but, oh, Aunt Courtney," she whispered, sorrowfully stroking my gray hair, "we have grown old—old since I saw you last."

The evening came on with a solemn hush that night—solemn because of the deep, full joy that filled our hearts. We sat together in the library. The setting sun cast its red light over the room, as on that evening long gone by. The winter wind moaned fitfully without, yet only made the quiet depth of our happiness more perfect. Back in its old place stood the Ebony Casket, gleaming black and bright in the crimson light. Philip and Margaret were there, as in that hour of which we all were thinking. Another Amy, as white and radiant in her baby beauty, but with deeper, truer eyes, played at her mother's feet. As I glanced around, Gilbert's fair, false face was the only one I missed. The same thought seemed to pass through Philip's mind. He said, in a low voice, to me, "Gilbert Hainstone is dead, Aunt Courtney."

Then, turning his head, looked thoughtfully over the far hills from the window where he stood. Margaret stole to his side, and stood there silent.

"Dead, Margaret," he said, again, looking wistfully at her face. She looked up, saw the doubt in his eyes—the doubt, with all its sharp pain working at his heart—looked steadfastly, humbly into his doubting eyes.

"He was very dear to you, Margaret?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

"Very dear to me," she said, firmly.

There was a moment's pause. His face grew pale, but she looked quietly, steadfastly, humbly into his eyes. Then, clasping her hands, she rested them on her husband's arm, and laid her head upon his heart, while she said, in a clear, solemn voice, whose music sank deep into his soul, putting its dark suspicion to flight forever, "Dear to me once! yet, I thank God, Philip, that this I know, that whereas once I was blind, now I see!"

NEWS ITEMS.

The mails received from Santa Fe bring a copy of the stringent laws passed by the Legislature of New Mexico, protecting property in slaves, and totally prohibiting emancipation in that Territory.

Mr. G. B. Stern, of Baltimore, predicts the appearance of locusts the coming spring, in Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Mississippi. They belong to the tribe of cicadas, and live twelve years.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that on Saturday night last, a body-snatcher who had stolen a body from a graveyard in the neighborhood of that city, which he had placed in a bag, was hung while endeavoring to get over a high fence, the corpse falling on one side and the body snatcher on the other, he having placed around his shoulders the cord by which the sack was shut, and the cord slipping about his neck, choking him to death.

A GUNNY DIFFERENCE.—An exchange says: "It is rather surprising that whilst ocean steamers built by private enterprise make voyages without voyage, without danger, there is scarcely a Government steamer that makes a voyage without having to put in somewhere to repair machinery."

JEFFERSON AND THE FRANKLIN PRIVILEGE.—Mr. Jefferson never franked letters for any member of his family, and correspondents frequently enclosed in those directed to him letters for some of his family. Mr. Jefferson invariably gave notice of the fact to the Postmaster of the place, and had the postage of all such letters charged to him.

JENKINS writes from Washington, that a Mrs. P., of New York, the wife of a lined old manufacturer, wore to the Napier ball, diamonds valued at \$100,000, and lace worth \$11,000. Her heavy tiara and necklace were wholly composed of diamonds, and her breast-plate was of diamond leaves. She stood "knee deep"—Jenkins's elegant expression—in old chench lace—an Italian fabric of exceeding delicacy, the secret of the manufacture of which has long been lost. It fell over blue silk from her knees to her feet, and also in graceful folds over her bosom. The lady sat during the whole evening by a window opening from a side room into the dancing hall, in a position where the light could fall favorably upon her person. But she did not dare to enter the crowd, for fear that the lace might be injured, or the diamonds ravished from her person.

The Albany (N. Y.) Statesman recently gave a sketch of an interesting lecture by a blind man, gravely adding, "He spoke without notes."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN IMPERIAL BRIDE—A CORTLY FAREWELL—THE OLDEN HOUSE IN REMOTE—COURT CAVOUR—OLD CROWNS AND NEW CROWN—IMPORTANT TO EMBROIDER—THE LAST NOVELTY IN PEARLS—THE SAGE AND THE BIRD—CAHOL.

Paris, February 3, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The anxious speculations of the public with regard to the question of war, have given place for the moment to curiosity with regard to the young Princess, who, after so short a waiting and so hasty a wedding, is to make her entry into Paris some time in the course of to-day. The streets are all gay with the flags of France and Sardinia, and something in the way of an illumination will probably be got up to night. At the Tuilleries, where Prince Napoleon will alight with his bride, a grand reception is awaiting the new pair. The city is already full of portraits of the Princess Clotilde; some representing a very handsome girl, others a very plain one; in fact, we are much divided here on the important subject of the young lady's beauty, one party asserting it to be pre-eminent, a second denying that she is handsome, while declaring her countenance to be very charming for its intelligent and amiable expression; and a third prudently suspending its judgment until enlightened by a sight of the young damsel herself.

A prodigious fuss has been made over the new couple at Marseilles, where they landed yesterday morning. The guns of the forts thundered a salute on the approach of the Imperial steamers; the streets were strewn with sand and hung with flags and flowers; officers of the Emperor's Household, and a large deputation of official people were assembled to receive them on landing, and the population of Marseilles greeted the young bride in her green velvet dress and white bonnet, with such warmth and goodwill that she seemed quite affected thereby. The municipality of Marseilles presented her with a magnificent set of jewels, and a splendid collation; and a group of young girls, selected for their pretty faces, offered her a bouquet of the glorious flowers of that region.

Her welcome at the Tuilleries will no doubt be very splendid; the Emperor evidently intending the world to understand that he attaches no slight importance to the Sardinian alliance. In addition to the 300,000 francs' worth of cachemires, lace and jewelry sent to the young Princess by the Emperor (equalling in value the *trousseau* bestowed on her by her father), the Empress wrote her a very affectionate letter, accompanying this epistle with a present of very costly jewels, among other things a ring of wonderful beauty and enormous value. "It is the custom in Spain when a young lady marries," says the Empress, in her letter, "for her best friend to present her with a ring. Permit me, as a Spaniard by birth, to follow the custom of my native land, and while awaiting the pleasure of calling you my cousin, to hope that you will allow me to subscribe myself your best friend."

The bridal entry this afternoon will no doubt be an imposing spectacle, but, though all Paris will turn out to witness it, the marriage itself excites little enthusiasm here. People do not wish for war; they have a pretty general feeling that the rest of Europe, however prompt to exchange courtesies and compliments with the "parvenu" of "Destiny," preserves, under this varnish of political and courtly amenities, much too vivid a remembrance of the Pandora outpouring of evils inflicted on them by the chief of the First Empire, to suffer the successor of the Great Captain to lead an army into the territories of any other European state; and they believe, probably not without reason, that however deeply the more liberal countries of Europe may deplore the misgovernment that has so long kept Italy on the eve of an outbreak, they will not suffer France, under the specious pretext of vindicating popular freedom in Italy, to draw a sword that may be presently turned to purposes of conquest and aggression. The extreme and indelicate haste with which this marriage has been gotten up, and its evident connexion with the Imperial policy, prevent the public, therefore, from regarding it with favor.

Private accounts from Turin state that the marriage is viewed with little approbation there also. The Piedmontese are excessively proud of the antiquity of the House of Savoy, which is far older than any of the other reigning houses; and they do not at all like to see their oldest princess entering the youngest reigning house of Europe, and occupying a place in this new Court which makes her rank subordinate to that of an Empress not "born in the purple."

The Royal Family of Piedmont, which thus boasts of a genealogical descent, as Princes of Savoy, centuries before any of the other royal families began to be heard of, is at present composed of the King, Victor Emmanuel II., widower of Adelaide, Archduchess of Austria, with five children; Princess Clotilde, born the 21 March, 1843, Princess of Piedmont, Duke of Aosta, Duke of Montferrat, and Princess Maria Pia, who succeeded their elder sister at intervals with each succeeding year. The King's brother, who died four years ago, left a widow, daughter of King Louis of Saxony, and a young son and daughter. The Savoy-Carignan branch, detached from the other in 1778, is represented by Prince Eugene, born in 1816, and his sister, wife of the Count of Syracuse, brother of the King of Naples. The elder line is also represented by the twin daughters of King Victor Emmanuel I., Maria Theresa, Duchess-Dowager of Parma, and Maria Anne, Ex-Empress of Austria. The grand-mother of the present King, the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, was re-married to the Prince de Montalembert, now living, and an account of those scandalous quarrels with his daughter, about the proportion of the possessions of the deceased princess reverting to her, was given in one of my former letters.

Of Count Cavour, the able and upright minister to whom Sardinia owes so much, and whom, let us hope, Europe may not have to thank for a war which can only be disastrous in the end to the cause which he has at heart, and which, until recently, he has so wisely and so successfully supported, the clever author of a work entitled *Lettres Italiennes*, gives the following description:

"The Count, who is now about forty-eight years of age, is of middle height, and somewhat resembles M. Thiers, but is taller, and infinitely better looking. Like him, he wears spectacles, and also has the keenness of expression, and the sarcastic mouth of the latter statesman. The Count has all the carelessness and self-confidence of a man born to a considerable fortune, and to whom power is not a means of ensuring respect, but of employing his talents in the service of his country. At the Chamber, on ordinary occasions, the First Minister of Piedmont somewhat resembles the intendant of a rich family, giving a plain and simple account of his stewardship. He seems, when speaking, to be conversing with such or such a member, or party, and gives, in the most unceremonial style, explanations of his views or conduct, always listened to with interest. Being really well versed in everything relating to Government, and particularly to what concerns Piedmont, he is always ready to provoke discussion, in order to explain everything clearly. In the Piedmontese Chamber, the Deputies, in general, speak from their places, and the Ministers reply in the same manner. The Ministerial bench, which is of a circular form, is placed opposite the tribune, as in France, with its back turned towards the assembly. Count Cavour, sitting carelessly with one leg over the other, seeing and hearing everything, has all the appearance of attending to nothing. But should anything be said which relates to him personally, or to his department, he is up in a moment; and fixes a magnetising look on some unfortunate Deputy, appears to address him alone, and to crush him with his arguments. At other times he grows animated, turns to one side, then to the other, cries, gesticulates, and seems almost to menace his hearers. And when an opposition member has spoken, the President of the Council may be seen hurrying about the assembly, supporting one member, enlightening another, and rallying his partisans by his attitude and gesture, like a general bringing up his squadrons. But when the subject is a really serious one, and when the Count has to ascend the tribune, he is no longer the same man. His phrases become studied; his voice sonorous; his ideas are brought forward with order; his oratorical gestures are united with a well-depicted emotion; the statesman unrolls himself to the full extent of his views; and the transfiguration is complete and worthy of admiration."

It is Count Cavour who has prompted and sustained the King in his course of constitutional reform, who has baffled the Jesuits, and enabled the friends of education to establish the means of popular instruction in Piedmont. To his councils it is owing that the gallant Little State of which he is the virtual ruler, gave the aid of its sword to the Western Powers in the late contest with Russia; and as his influence is clearly evident in the present warlike excitement in Piedmont, and in the determination of Piedmont to resist any hostile action on the part of Austria, the union of the reigning houses of France and Piedmont may safely be considered as his work; a union which common humanity would lead us to hope may not, whatever else may or may not be its results, lead to the unhappiness of the young creature, not yet 16, whose fate is thus linked to the problematic destinies of the Bonapartes.

While new crowns and old ones are thus bringing their splendors together, the Minister of State has been buying up a whole lot of the circlets for which the human race has shown so strong an affinity for so many ages. These new acquisitions, destined for the Hotel de Cluny, the great emporium of objects of ancient art here, consist of eight coronets of gold of the 7th century, found near the gates of Toledo, the capital of the Gothic Kings of Spain. They are richly ornamented with sapphires and pearls, set with a taste and skill that would do honor to a modern jeweler. The largest of these circlets is not less than 3½ inches in height over the forehead, and bears the name of King Recesvintus, who reigned over Spain from 649 to 672. The next in size is that of his Queen; the rest appear to have belonged to his children. All these crowns are suspended to handsome gold chains; and a smaller chain, passing through the centre of each crown, supports a large cross enriched with jewels. An inscription on one of these crosses states that these jewels had been dedicated to the Virgin of Sorbes; they bear a striking likeness to the Merovingian jewels. This splendid collection will be of great use to artists and antiquaries, and will take their place, in the history of art in the middle ages, along with the celebrated crowns of Monza, which have been a subject of admiration for centuries past, and which they surpass in riches and in number.

The war in Cochinchina is being pushed forward with a vigor that might deserve some better results than appear likely to follow it. The French and Spanish arms are certain to obtain "victories" over the inhabitants of the country every time they meet them in the field; but the country itself is deficient in all the elements that render colonization profitable or possible; being flat, sterile, and swampy, so that it is impossible to establish permanent roads. Bishop Reford, who has been out there many years, says the people will not embrace Christianity because it does not prescribe veneration for deceased parents. In Cochinchina this kind of worship is practised by giving a feast at first every three days, then every five days, and afterward every year. A great inundation that recently afflicted the country, followed by a famine, was attributed by the people to Christianity. Every one who possessed a little rice buried it in the earth that his neighbor might not get it. In every village people died of hunger, those who survived, looking like spectres. All these villages are fortified, and surrounded by thorny hedges and trenches, to protect them from brigands. During the famine the latter were always on the alert, roaming from place to place, and setting fire to the houses in order to steal food from the confusion. The King, meantime, led a jolly life in his palace; but fearing the people might rise in desperation, he issued orders for the adoption of certain measures of relief. The Mandarins were requested to exhort the rich to curtail their expenses, to sell the superfluous rice in their granaries, and not to lend out

money at more than cent. per cent. interest, in order not to complete the ruin of those who were in need. He also ordered new roads to be made, and new canals to be dug, in order to give employment to the laboring classes. But the avarice and misconduct of the Mandarins thwarted the King's intentions. Cargoes of rice were imported, and ordered by the King to be sold at a reasonable rate; but the Mandarins were bribed by the captains, and the latter were allowed to sell their cargoes at famine prices. In consequence of the great agitation produced by the French expedition, a national guard has been formed, called by the pompous name of Heroes of the Country. In the province of Siam-Dinh this force amounted to 60,000; but these "heroes" were famishing and plundering the places they were appointed to protect. Bishop Reford says that the tortures applied by the Annamite Mandarins not only to rebels and Christians, but to all from whom they wish to extort money, are of the most horrible kind; and that the situation of the country, at the points where the invading expedition is operating, may be summed up in two words, "famine and persecution." The only thing produced by Cochinchina which civilized people would care to borrow appear to be the oranges, of which that unpleasant country possesses as many as twenty varieties, all varying in size, color and flavor, and not one among them all but is voted by the invaders to be far better than those with which the rest of the world is acquainted. One of the best is the *can du-nang*, or orange-sugar, as large as the Spanish orange, but highly odoriferous, flat, and reddish. The *can-see*, or Paradise orange, is also very good; its rind and pulp are pale red; it has something of the stimulating sharpness of the lemon, but is very sweet without. The finest of all is the *can-fie*, or King's orange, and it is, in fact, reserved for the use of the sovereign. There is no prohibition against the cultivation of this orange, but it is necessary to keep it secret, for, if the tree were discovered, the owner would be obliged to deliver up all its fruit to the Prince. It is of the same form and size as the ordinary European or American orange; but its rind, which is green, and as fine as the thinnest silk, is almost transparent, and the filaments of the pulp, which is of a rose color, can be seen through it. When it is opened it imparts a delightful odor to the apartment in which it has been eaten; and no fruit of the species can compare with it in point of flavor.

M. Jolard, of Brussels, the well-known *avant*, (whose love of a joke sometimes carries him a little too far, and who lately remarked, when some one was abusing hooped petticoats, "It is idle to expect that a well-bred woman will consent to resemble a folded umbrella, when she possesses the means of resembling an opened parachute.") has just communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences a curious discovery of M. Serret, who has found that a large species of fresh-water mussel, peculiar to the river Verte, which rises near Neuchateau, in the department of the Vosges, and flows partly through Belgium, produces pearls equal in quality to the Oriental ones. Some of them are not white, but of a mahogany color, as though they contained iron, which, however, they do not. Black pearls (these, as I need hardly remark, are not black, but of a leaden hue), which are very rare, and consequently far more costly than white ones, though not half so beautiful, and pink pearls, rarest of all, fetching fabulous prices, and excessively pretty, though not at all like ordinary pearls, are already known to the lovers of jewels; these brown pearls of M. Serret's discovery, constitute a fourth variety, probably more curious than beautiful.

Baron Humboldt has just sustained a heavy domestic loss. He possessed a black parrot, presented to him years ago by the grandfather of the Princess-Regent, Karl August, of Saxony. The Baron was very fond of this bird, and was disagreeably surprised, the other day, on returning home from a dinner-party, to find his favorite sitting drooping on its perch.

"Well, Jacob," he said, approaching the cage, "which of us two is likely to die first?" "Pray, your Excellency," interposed his old valet, "do not talk to the bird on such serious subjects."

Humboldt turned silently from the cage, and took up a book. Half an hour afterwards, the bird suddenly turned round, looked at its master, and dropped down dead. Poor Black Poll, or rather her skin, is now being stuffed at the University Museum for the afflicted survivor.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.—We have two days later news from Europe by the arrival at New York, on the 6th inst., of the steamer Jura, with London and Liverpool dates to the 18th ultimo. The war preparations in Europe continued, and the state of affairs was unchanged. There were vague reports of a French loan of twenty millions of pounds sterling. From India we have news of the close of the campaign in Oude, and the destruction of all the forts. It is said that Austria agrees to send a representative to the Paris Congress, provided that England and Russia will guarantee that the Italian question shall not be discussed. The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the Sardinian Cabinet has formed a deliberate plan to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy, with the connivance of France and Russia. The affairs of the Danubian Principalities are becoming seriously complicated.

COMMERCIAL.—Cotton remains firm. Breadstuffs very dull. Provisions quiet but steady.

MR. BROWN.—I see in your last number, in the article Wine and Books, a Hindoo drink is mentioned, which is new to me. I mean "Bhang." What is it?

In reply to the query you have put into me. Our answer is, Bhang: must be ginseng powder.

—Cassius' Wine Press.

A certain Frenchman, named Roquelaine, was not handsome—truly, no! He met, one day, however, a native of Auvergne, who surpassed him in ugliness. Straightway, he presented himself and his Auvergne to Louis XIV., protesting that he was under great obligation to him, and beseeching the king to befriend him. Louis inquired, what was the nature of the obligation?—"Ah, sire," replied Roquelaine, "were it not for him I should be the ugliest man in your kingdom."

He who studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—Lord Bacon.

STATEMENT
OF THE
ASSETS
OF THE
COMMONWEALTH
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE
STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Office, N. W. Cor. Walnut and 4th Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

February 1st, 1898.

Cash in Treasurers' Bank, and on hand,	\$17,825 15
Cash in hands of Agents,	2,431 17

Aggregate amount of
Cash Items, _____ \$20,200 75

Number of Shares of Stock of all kinds owned by the Company, and the par and market value thereof:		
	Par Val.	Market Val.
250 Shares Pa. Railroad,	\$12,500 00	\$16,075 00
150 Shares N. Pa. Railroad,	7,500 00	1,500 00
		\$13,275 00
Bonds of all kinds owned by the Company, and the par and market value thereof:		
	Par Val.	Market Val.
Massene Loan, \$ 1,250 00	\$2,250 00	\$2,250 00
Missouri State Loan,	25,000 00	19,710 00
Loan of the City of Philada.	8,000 00	8,000 00
		\$30,000 00
Temporary Loans of the Company secured by collateral (chiefly bonds,) with a margin exceeding 15 per cent, on amount loaned,		
		\$20,521 86
Amount of Loans on Bonds and Mortgages, being the first lien on improved Real Estate in the City of Philadelphia, worth more than double the amount of said mortgages,		
		\$119,800 00
Assessments on Stock paid, \$186,500 00.		
Assessments on Stock not paid,		
		\$12,500 00
Installments on Stock not called for, and for which the Stockholders are individually liable under the provisions of the charter of the Company,		
		\$300,000 00
Total Assets of the Company, February 1st, 1859,		
		\$516,023 86

DAVID JAYNE, M. D., *President*

8626-1m

R. DOLLARD,
615 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTIST
H A I R.

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSHAMER VENTILATING WIG** and **ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES**.
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

<i>For Wigs, Inches</i>	<i>Toupaces and Scapls, Inches.</i>
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead near the head to ear.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gentle Wigs, Toupaces, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov-25-91

MOTHERS!
MOTHERS!!! MOTHERS!!!

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It has no equal on Earth. It greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful female Physicians in New England, and has been used with never failing success in millions of cases.

Bare to give immediate relief to infants suffering from wind colic.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE

(Beware) None genuine unless the face similit of **CURTIS P. PEKKINS**, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by **T. W. DYOTT & SONS**, Philadelphia, and by Druggists throughout the world.
jan22:134

CANCER CURED.

TREATMENT and CURE of CANCERS, TUMORS, WENS, SCROFULA, ULCERS, WHITE SWELLING, &c., without Surgical Operations

for loss of blood. Patients or others living in distant sections of the country who may desire farther information or advice—together with a copy of our pamphlet on "Cancer," may obtain the same, free of charge, by sending a note to the undersigned, requesting prompt attention by addressing DOCTOR MAC NICHOL (colleague of the late DR. LOUIS BERRY, deceased), No. 50 North Fifth Street Philadelphia, Box 1048. jml-1-cow71

GAYETTY'S MEDICATED PAPER.
 I discovered that Piles is a disease generally incurable, and in all cases of chronicity aggravated by the use of ordinary water-closets, and patented paper in the water-closet, Mr. J. A. GAYETTY, of New York, set to work and discovered a process of making pure Manila paper, (from new bale hemp), and medicating it in style to cure Piles, where the disease exists, and prevent its return to the youngest and the healthiest person without detriment to the general health. Besides its medicinal value, GAYETTY'S MEDICATED PAPER for the water-closet has value as a beautiful article of commerce—light and convenient. It is sold throughout the United States by druggists, fancy-goods dealers, and others, and can be purchased in large or small quantities, at the grand depot, No. 41 Ann St., New York City. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. The genuine has GAYETTY'S name on each sheet, and his autograph is upon each label. mar 5-3m

AGENTS WANTED—\$5 to \$10 per day profit.—All may apply. Send a red stamp, for particulars, to
 DR. EARL.
 56-26-3m 109 Franklin St., N. Y.

Wit and Humor.

SEVEN SEENS
IN A ROWDY'S HISTORY.
BY A DISBARRED VOLUNTEER.

The townsmen harricker,
Dose in his time play many corn parts
At correspondin' ages. Post a fustier,
Pearl and rambunctious in his mother's arms,
And then a merry youngster, with his clam-shell
Crammed with tobacco, swearin' all the way
To nearest common school. And then the Short
Rev.

Also a shawin' of his jolly sated
And smokin' like a furnace. Then perchance,
A Philibuster, haird like a goat,
Bull of gin cock tails and of brandy ellings,
Trainin' by moonlight, carryin' revolvers,
Or prap a half brick in a stockin' along,
Or spring back nib, and ready to "go in"
And "make a man" at corner groceries,
Disturbin' the peace. And then a Leader,
Rum soaked and ragged, shufflin' thro' the streets,
Full of bad thoughts, wuffy and dangerous,
And so he gits "played out." Then seen the
Rat—

Mebbe the Toome, a wallin' for his tryll
Without a skyter friend to put him throo,
Behave he's mory dead. The bitter end
Of the infamous Rowdy's History
Ken ever be imagined than described—
Nix funds, nix friends, nix hope, nix everything.

NOT A DROP MORE THOUT IT'S SWEETENED.

We meet this tale on its rounds. We are
not sure we have not seen it before. But it
will bear repetition, if it is old.

Twenty years ago, it was the custom in
northwestern Georgia, as indeed it is through-
out the southwest, for dry goods dealers to
keep a barrel of "spirits" in the back room,
and to treat liberal customers to a glass when-
ever desired.

Filkins and Dewberry were such dealers in
one of the small towns indicated; and they
had for a customer a clever, rollicking old fel-
low, named Joe Denny, who drank whiskey in
preference to water always, and whose wife
was "fresh of his flesh" in that particular.
The old couple would come in town, trade
quite freely, and as freely imbibed the spirits
in the back room of the dealers we have
named.

On one occasion both the old man and old
woman continued their potations inordinately;
and as Filkins observed that his goods went
better the drunker the old woman became, he
pressed her to drink.

At last she refused, unless he would sweeten
it with a little store "sugar." Filkins indulg-
ed her, and when the old people started home
in the evening tide, the old man could scarcely
mount his horse, and the good wife had actu-
ally to be lifted and placed on the pillow be-
hind him. Happily, she leaned one way and
her husband the other, so that the gravitating
point was between them; as she clung to him
instinctively, they passed out of the village
safely.

Before reaching their home, however, they
had to cross a small creek, and when their
horses stopped in to drink, the old lady, hav-
ing reached unconsciousness, released her
hold, and quietly lapsed into the stream below.

Occupied with his thoughts the old man did
not perceive his loss, but jogged slowly home-
ward. Arrived there, the children inquired
anxiously for "mammy," but the old man
could only say that she had been on the "crit-
ter," and "the critter hadn't kicked up nary
tittle; so he couldn't say where she went to,"
and threw himself stupid on the bed.

Girls and boys flew along the road the old
man had come, yelling mammy! mammy! but
of course no mammy responded.

When they arrived at the creek, the oldest
girl shouted,

"Yonder she is, sitting down in the creek!"
And there she was, seated comfortably in the
water, which came nearly up to her mouth—
As she swayed back and forth, now yielding
to the impetuosity of the stream, and now re-
sisting it with some success, the muddy fluid
would occasionally wet her lips, and each time
it did so, she would faintly exclaim, with a
grim effort to smile:

"Not a drop more, Mr. Filkins, 'thout it's
sweetened."

And it is to this romantic little incident in
the life of the venerable Mrs. Joe Denny, that
we are indebted for one of our most popular
colloquial phrases.

Patmy's Pan.—I did meet with a few extra-
ordinary mean men in Sydney. There was one,
a merchant-prince, who made it a boast that
he had never given away a shilling in his life.
So far as I know, he only departed from his ex-
treme selfishness on one occasion, and the cir-
cumstances are worth relating: One morning
a poor Irishman stepped into his counting-
house, and looking the very picture of misery,
said, "Oh! may it please yer honor, I've lost
a pig—the only pig I had—and mother's—
the governess has given me a pound, and sent
me to you for another. She says you have
enough gold to build a sty wid, and will be
sure to give me a little." At first, old hard-
fist refused; upon which, Paddy threw himself
on a stool, and raised such a piteous wail that
the merchant, thinking he was mad about the
death of his pig, gave him the pound to get
quit of him. Next day the proprietor of the
defunct porker was passing the warehouse, and
seeing his benefactor at the door, pulled his
hat to him. "Well, did you get drunk with
that pound, or buy another pig?" asked the
rich man, gruffly. "Bought a pig, yer honor,
a darling little thing, wid a sweet twist in his
tail, like a lady's curl." "Well, it's to be
hoped you'll take better care of him than you
did of the other. What did he die of?" "Die
off! Did you say die of, now? Why got out
old yo, he was so fat I killed him!"—*Life in
Australia. By Frank Foster.*

It seems paradoxical, but it is never-
theless true, that the latest intelligence always
consists of the earliest news.



THE PLEASANT SIDE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTSISM.

Pammy Coons (who is a little fat).—"Mornin', Charles! Now then, if you will pop on your hats, and wrap yourself up warm, I'll take you and your friend out for a drive!"

COULDN'T FIND IT OUT.

Mr. Stocum was not educated in a university,
and his life has been in by-paths and out of
the way places. His mind is characterized by
the literalness rather than the comprehensive
grasp of great subjects. Mr. Stocum can, how-
ever, master a printed paragraph by dint of
spelling the hard words in a deliberate manner,
and manages to gain a few glimpses of men
and things from his little rocky farm, through
the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edify-
ing to hear Mr. Stocum reading the village
paper aloud to his wife after a hard day's work.
A few evenings since, farmer Stocum was read-
ing an account of a dreadful accident which
had happened at the factory in the next town,
and which the village editor had described in a
great many words.

"I declare, wife, that was an awful accident
over to the mills," said Mr. Stocum.

"What was it about, Mr. Stocum?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, then you'll know
all about it."

Mr. S. began to read:
"Horrible and Fatal Accident.—It becomes
our melancholy and painful duty to record the
particulars of an accident that occurred at the
lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon,
by which a human being in the prime of life
was hurried to that bourne from which, as the
immortal Shakespeare says, 'no traveller re-
turns.'"

"Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S. "Mr. David
Jones, a workman, who has but few superiors
this side of the city, was superintending one
of the large drums, ('I wonder if 'twas a brass
drum, such as has 'Ridubust Unum' printed
on it," said Mrs. Stocum,) when he became
entangled. His arm was drawn around the
drum, and finally his whole body was drawn
over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his
situation was discovered, he had revolved with
immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his
head and limbs striking a large beam a dis-
tinct blow at each revolution. ('Poor creature,
how it must have hurt him!') When the
machinery had been stopped, it was found that
Mr. Jones's arms and legs were mangled to a
jelly; ('Well, didn't it kill him?' asked Mrs.
S., with increasing interest.) portions of the
dumameter, cerebrum, and cerebellum, in con-
fused masses, were scattered about the floor—in
short, the gates of eternity had opened upon
him."

Here Mr. Stocum paused to wipe his spec-
tacles, and the wife seized the opportunity to
press the question.

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know—haven't come to that place
yet—you'll know when I've finished the
piece." And Mr. Stocum continued reading.

"It was evident when the shapeless form
was taken down that it was no longer tenanted
by the immortal spirit—that the vital spark
was extinct."

"Was the man killed, that's what I want to
know," said Mrs. Stocum.

"Do have a little patience, old woman,"
said Mr. Stocum, eyeing his better half over
his spectacles. "I presume we shall come
upon it right away." And he went on read-
ing: "This fatal casualty has cast a gloom
over our village, and we trust that it will
prove a warning to all persons who are called
upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our
mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Stocum, perceiving that
the narration was ended, "now I should like
to know whether the man was killed or not?"

Mr. Stocum looked puzzled. He scratched
his head, scrutinized the article he had been
perusing, and took a graceful survey of the
paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, "it's curious,
but really the paper don't say."

PHRENOLOGICAL ANSWERS.—The College Record,
a print published by the students of the West-
ern Reserve College, tells this good story, illus-
trating the comparative flexibility of the Latin
and English languages:

"You will observe from this word," contin-
ued the Professor, "the great flexibility of the
Latin language. 'Pater' is a father, and here
we have 'Patrus,' an uncle on the father's
side, and 'Propatrus' means a great uncle on
the father's side. Can you make any such
change in our language? Pater, Patrus, Pro-
patrus—father—there are any way you can
change father into uncle in English?"

"I don't think of any," replied a hopeful
young philologist, "unless you can get him to
marry your aunt."

A HERO.

Miss Pardoe, in a recent work, relates the
following interesting anecdote:—At the battle
of Montmirail, a young officer, named Durosier,
chanced to be in attendance on the Emperor at
the moment when it became essential to de-
patch an order to one of the Generals of Divi-
sion; and Napoleon, hastily summoning him to
his side, gave him instructions to deliver it
without delay.

"Spare neither yourself nor your horse, sir,"
he said sternly; "for there is not a moment to
lose, and return at once to report to me that
my order has been obeyed."

Durosier galloped off amid a shower of shot
and shells, and within a quarter of an hour he
was again beside the Emperor. His duty was
performed.

"You have behaved well, monsieur," said
Napoleon, when he had received his report;
"you have a stout heart, and a clear head,
though you are still only a youngster. I give
you a captain's brevet, and attach you to my
person. What is your name?"

"Durosier, sire."

"It seems familiar to me. On what occasion
have I before heard it?"

"I was the colonel of the boy battalion, your
majesty."

"Ah! I remember. Well, that is an addi-
tional reason why I should attach you to my
person."

"It is too late, sire," murmured the young
soldier.

"Too late, Captain Durosier,—and why?"

"Sire, they have hit me!" and as he spoke,
he withdrew a handkerchief saturated with
blood from the breast of his coat. "All will
soon be over—Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!"

He reeled for an instant in his saddle, and
then fell heavily into the arms of an officer who
had sprung forward to support him. Timoleon
Durosier was a corpse.

"So young!—so young!—and so brave!—
and to die on his first battle-field!" exclaimed
the Emperor, as he bent down, for an instant,
over the body. "Poor boy! Poor boy!"

Then setting spurs to his charger, he galloped
off, as if unable to linger over so sad a spectacle.
—*Episodes of French History.*

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.—Prince Talleyrand, that
consummate diplomatist, whose dinners had a Euro-
pean reputation, did not amuse himself, it is
true, with holding the handle of the frying-pan,
but he was accustomed to visit his ladies every
morning. And have we not still more august
examples? The lovely and unfortunate Marie
Antoinette delighted in making her own creams
and cheeses at Trignon. Who again does not
know the history of the omelette at Malmaison?

The Empress Josephine was amusing herself
one day with her ladies of honor with the manu-
facture of an omelette, and, at the most inter-
esting moment of the operation, Napoleon
entered unexpectedly. Seeing the embarrass-
ment the Empress experienced in turning the
omelette, he took the pan from her hand, say-
ing, "I will show you, ma bonne amie, how to
turn an omelette: this is the hyponic fashion." And
at the same moment he gave the pan that
little twist so well known to all cooks; but the
disobedient omelette, instead of returning to
the frying-pan, fell right into the fire, to the
great delight of Josephine, who, turning to her
august spouse, said to him, with a charming
smile, "Your majesty is not at the hyponic
now; you understand much better how to gain
battles than to turn omelettes."

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS, OLD STYLE.—
Pleasant stories are told of such interviews. In
one case we know a young lad, clever enough,
indeed, but very timid and tremulous, was told
to attend the next morning at ten to be exam-
ined in arithmetic by an old chief clerk, "a
great arithmetician," like Michael Cassio or De
Morgan. Trembling with fear, the young can-
didate entered the next day the grand presence
of the terrible examiner. "Sit down, sir,"
roared a voice of thunder. Then, after a pain-
ful pause, "Now, sir, attention, I shall exam-
ine you in arithmetic." "Shall I not have pen
and paper?" "No, sir," thundered out the
tyrant's voice. "Attention! how much are two
and two?" Paralyzed by the voice and the
sudden question, the youth stared, and
then gaped out quite seriously, "Four, sir."

"Quite right, sir," roared out the examiner,
slapping him on the back; "you'll do, sir."

And the old humorist walked out of the room.
This ended the examination in arithmetic.

Agricultural.

CROTON POINT VINEYARDS.

Travellers on the North River frequently
have occasion to observe the beautiful vine-
yards of Dr. Underhill, spread over the low
peninsula known as "Croton Point," near
Sing Sing, though but few are aware of their
extent and productiveness. Favored by nature,
and improved by long, systematic culture,
Croton Point has gained a name which is al-
ways associated in New York with fruit of the
finest flavor; and now that the attention of the
proprietor is being more carefully directed to
the production of pure wine, (though not to
such an extent as to curtail the supply of fruit
for the market,) Dr. Underhill's vineyard will
soon enjoy a wider reputation.

The number of acres at Croton Point now
covered with vines, is about fifty; the old ap-
ple orchards bordering upon the original vine-
yard having gradually given place to the grape,
which is a sure crop. Not a single failure has
taken place since grape-culture was com-
menced, some twenty five years ago. Besides,
grapes are more remunerative as a crop—the
demand being restricted only by the inade-
quate supply, at from fifteen to twenty cents
per pound. Latterly, since physicians have
had greater hesitancy in prescribing imported
wines for their patients, Dr. U. has been urged
to set apart a large proportion of his crop for
wine manufacture; and thus far with results
beyond anticipations, as regards the demand
for local consumption.

Many families, also, which have been accus-
tomed to use foreign wines for domestic pur-
poses, now give the preference to American,
being less apprehensive of deleterious effects.
Probably, in future years, the manufacturer of
such wines will be largely increased. A farm
located two and a half miles from Croton
Point, purchased a few years ago, is now being
converted into vineyards. The process of
manufacture adopted, is that in vogue in Ger-
many and France, from whence a number of
laborers, and others skilled in the business,
have been procured. As a consequence, the
wine produced has a close resemblance to the
wines of Germany, being quite unlike that of
the fictitious wines flavored with sugar and
chemicals to suit what is called the American
taste. Comparatively few, in fact, are aware
that natural wines, unmixed with brandy or
sugar, have a flavoring commonly described as
"sour," or that the cream tartar of commerce is
the purified sediment of wine casks. The pre-
valent ignorance on this subject operates as a
premium for adulteration. Dr. U. dispenses
with all foreign substances, except that in a
few instances the acidity of new wines has
been neutralized by adding small quantities of
sugar—producing an article which is com-
monly considered more palatable than other
varieties.

The soil at Croton Point is nearly a pure
gravelly sand, presenting the appearance of
land totally unfit for cultivation; but to render
it most productive, a compost is used, formed
from the decayed vegetation of the woodland,
mixed with coarse potash and the liquid refuse
of stables. Dr. U. is of opinion that the old
exhausted soils of Virginia, for example, are
admirably adapted to grape culture, and might
easily be covered with luxuriant vineyards,
contributing an incredible amount to the pro-
ductive resources of the State. The intelligent
wine-grower invariably selects lands of that
character. The mode of cultivation adopted
at Croton Point, is to set the vines either in
Spring or Fall, placing them seven feet apart,
in rows six and a half feet from each other,
which allows of about one thousand to the
acre. In this respect it differs from the practice
either in Cincinnati or Germany, where two
thousand five hundred to the acre are not un-
usual; but ample space and a free circulation
of air are regarded as essential to the health of
the vine. Fruit does not appear until the
third summer. In regard to the preparation
of the ground, thorough ploughings, are found
to answer every purpose. The vines are sup-
ported by stakes until after the first crop, when
a permanent trellis is formed by running three
wires across chestnut posts, about seven feet
in height. Close pruning is observed, and of
the fruit which forms, at least three-fourths
are cut away. Thus the strength of the vine
is economized, and wholly applied to the pro-

duction of full-sized, juicy and highly-flavored
fruit. By this mode, in brief, New York is
supplied with a choice luxury, in continually
increasing quantities; and invalids, who re-
quire a nourishing stimulus, have a resource
to which they may always apply, without any
fear of hastening their dissolution through the
artifices of accomplished impostors.—*Journal of
Commerce.*

PLANTING TREES.

As the proper season is now approaching for
transplanting trees, a few hints to new planters
will not be out of place.

I. Have your ground in good heart, and see
that it contains a sufficient quantity of the
matter necessary to the growth of such trees
as you are about to plant. Apples require
lime, pears phosphate of lime, or bone dust.
Good wheat land is well adapted to the growth
of apples, and poor soil should never be laid
out for an orchard.

II. Let the land be high; lowlands are liable
to spring frosts, and the fruit blossoms are often
blighted by them. High situations are also
more easily drained, which is absolutely essen-
tial to the well-being of the trees.

III. Plough the ground deep before planting.
A slight scarifying of the soil will do no good.
Dig the holes for the trees deep, if the ground
is not naturally loose. Fill up with the sur-
face soil around the roots, placing each rootlet
in the most natural position. Do not use any
barrenyard manure.

IV. In selecting trees, choose such varieties
as are of well-known excellence, and that are
adapted to your peculiar locality. Young,
healthy plants are better than large ones, and
bear removal much better. A large tree
costs more in the nursery, but the small one,
with like care, will, in a few years, often out-
grow it.

V. The shorter time your plants are out of
the ground, the more likely they will be to
live. If the rootlets are not allowed to get dry,
the tree will be almost sure to grow; but if
these get dried up, the chance of success is less.
Some trees will not bear exposure of their roots
for any great length of time, and live.—*Ohio
Farmer.*

CURE FOR SCAB IN SHEEP.—I have had this
disease break out several times among my
sheep, and have never failed in effecting a cure
by the application of tobacco juice. If taken
in time, the cure is quite easily effected; but
if allowed to spread among the flock, it is a
work of considerable labor. Wash the parts
affected with a pretty strong decoction of to-
bacco, and repeat every two or three days until
the skin of the animal resumes a healthy
state. It is a sure cure. An extensive farmer
in this vicinity, who kept several hundred
sheep, had the scab among his flock, and al-
lowed it to be spread so extensively that many
of them were covered with the eruption to the
ears and eyes, and the only way that he could
devise to make a speedy cure was to fill a
large cask with the decoction, and immerse
each sheep, merely allowing a sufficient por-
tion of the head out for breathing. No time
should be lost; apply the remedy immediately.
—*Our Country Gentleman.*

HORSE'S MANE AND TAIL FALLING OFF.—S. T.
O. asks: "What is the best remedy for a
gradual thinning of a horse's mane and tail?
My horse is perfectly healthy, and in constant
work; his mane and tail seem to be gradually
falling off, and the hair is easily broken."—
Rub into the roots of the hair, two or three
times a week, a mixture of three parts spirits
of turpentine, and one of tincture of cantha-
rides.—*London Field.*

Useful Receipts.

DELICIOUS DRESSING FOR ROAST FOWLS.—Spread
pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread lib-
erally with butter, and season rather highly with
salt and pepper, working them into the butter a
little; then dip the bread in wine, and use it
in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the
bird. The delicious flavor which the wine gives
is very penetrating, and gives to the fowl a
rich, gamey character, which is very pleasant.
We recommend this dressing, and testify to our
personal high appreciation of its delicacy.—
Exchange.

BLACK REVIVER FOR FADED MORNING GLORIES,
BLACK COATS, &c.—Take two pints of water, and
boil in it the following ingredients until it is
reduced to one pint: two ounces of Aleppo
galls, in powder; two ounces of logwood; one
ounce of gum arabic; then add one ounce of
sulphate of iron. Let it evaporate to a powder.
Another receipt: gall, eight ounces; logwood,
one ounce; green vitriol, one ounce; iron
filings, one ounce; sumac, one ounce; vinegar,
one quart.

METHOD OF RESTORING THE COLOR OF DARK BLUE
(OR ANY OTHER COLORED) SILK OR RIBBON.—Mix
together half a pint of gin, four ounces of soft
soap, and two ounces of honey; then with a
sponge (dipped in the above liquid) rub the
silk or ribbon. After which rinse it in two
waters, containing two or three teaspoonful of
ox gall, which will brighten the faded color,
and prevent its running. The silk or ribbon
should not be wrung, but well shaken, and
hung up smoothly to dry; and afterwards, it
should be mangled while damp. Not only dark
blue, but the most delicate colors, may be
restored in this way with perfect satisfaction.
In fact, they will have all the appearance of
new.—*G. M. F. G.*

TO CLEAN SILK.—Grate raw potatoes to a fine
pulp in water, and pass the liquid matter
through a coarse sieve in another vessel of
water; let the mixture stand undisturbed till
the fine white particles of the potato are pre-
cipitated; then pour the mucilaginous liquor
from the fecula, and preserve it for use. The
article to be cleaned should be spread upon a
linen cloth upon a table, and washed with a
sponge dipped in the potato liquor, until the
dirt is perfectly separated, then rinsed in clear
water several times. Two middle-sized pota-
toes will be sufficient for one pint of water.

DOMESTIC RECIPE.—The more tea you put in
the pot, the stronger the water will be. Fam-
ilies we visit will please try it.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 7, 8, 11, 4, 18, was a scribe.
My 2, 7, 13, was a son of Benjamin.
My 3, 10, 15, 5, 7, was a son of David.
My 4, 8, 6, 7, 16, was a King of Egypt.
My 5, 7, 24, 11, was a King of Israel.
My 6, 18, 14, 5, 24, 3, was a grandson of Noah.
My 7, 16, 19, 7, 2, 5, was a King of Samaria.
My 8, 1, 2, 12, was the name of a well at which
Isaac's herdsmen watered their flocks.
My 9, 24, 12, 12, 16, 4, was a portion of the in-
heritance of the Children of Dan.
My 10, 1, 5, 13, 18, 7, was a prophet.
My 11, 2, 22, 10, 6, 7, 5, 7, was the name of a val-
ley in Palestine.
My 12, 16, 22, 4, 7, was a Duke of Edom.
My 13, 19, 1, 15, 4, 7, 1, 9, was a son of Jacob.
My 14, 18, 7, 20, 7, 10, 4, was a Prince of the
Children of Judah.
My 16, 9, 2, 11, was a Prince of the Midianites.
My 18, 11, 4, 2, 9, was a Captain of Saul's host.
My 19, 8, 23, 9, was the name of the mount in
which Isaac dwelt.
My 20, 13, 19, 2, 22, 24, was a Captain of the ar-
mies of Canaan.
My 22, 8, 7, 10, 11, was a city in the land of Judah.
My 23, 9, 13, was a grandson of Benjamin.
My 24, 11, 23, 5, 7, was a son of Simeon.
My whole was a King and country mentioned in
one of the Books of Kings.
Centre Valley. H. W. REINHARD.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 9, 25, 2, 21, 29, 8, is a capital in Europe.
My 16, 17, 27, 28, 15, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 16, 29, 28, 6, 2, 34, is a river in Asia.
My 1, 23, 15, 7, 19, 21, 6, 30, 29, is one of the
United States.
My 12, 5, 14, 13, 20, 11, 23, is a country in South
America.
My 13, 4, 10, 26, 27, 30, 21, 29, is an island of
Polynesia.
My 18, 19, 15, 31, 7, 8, is an island in the Me-
diterranean.
My 22, 12, 6, 16, is one of the cases of the Great
Desert.
My 24, 4, 6, 12, 9, 25, 20, 6, is a celebrated volcano
in Europe.
My whole is a celebrated curiosity, together
with the name of the State and county in which it
is located. ABRAHAM W. MOHLER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 12, 14, 13, 9, 5, 11, is not often seen.
My 21, 18, 23, 9, 25, 7, is what many men would
like to be.
My 6, 13, 29, 18, 13, 21, is what every man has.
My 25, 31, 15, 6, 9, 31, 10, 28, is often captured.
My 19, 14, 2, 27, 13, 4, 9, 18, 7, 11, is what every
person has.
My 20, 23, 27, 18, is what every circus has.
My 1, 25, 18, 24, 3, 31, 15, is often found.
My 16, 10, 6, 29, 18, 13, 28, has caused death.
My 26, 23, 31, 14, is what most of us have.
My 22, 23, 30, 18, 13, is what business men always
have.
My 19, 2, 17, 20, is what bill-posters always do.
An account of my whole can be found in the
history of the United States. B. H. EL A.
Belleville.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of letters two,
Without a doubt you will confess it:
I am a simple word, and you
With little skill can straightway guess it.
My first crase, and you will find
What proves to be a useful plant,
Extensively used by mankind,
The truth of which I'm sure you'll grant.
Erase my second, and you'll see
What may be called a self-made name;
Though no more hints I'll give to you,
But leave you now to guess the same.
St. Paris, O. COWDEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article; my second is a verb; my
whole is the name of a male.

RIDDLE.